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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

A KING'S Speech has none of the precision of a Bradshaw. It indicates only in what direction certain trains are expected to start. We know by experience that many of them will be bogged before they reach their destination and that others (the Sedition Bill was an example) may be unexpectedly added to the time-table. On this occasion the public is informed that nothing fresh is to be done about the distressed areas and that a number of Bills, some, like the Factory Bill, long overdue and excellent in their way, will at least be starters. Of immediate importance is the proposal to take steps to deal with political disorders. It now seems clear that an effort is to be made to ban political uniforms and that the three political parties will collaborate in this necessary measure. The Bill is apparently also to include increased police powers to deal with political demonstrations. About the necessity or desirability of this we are more than doubtful. In his article in our columns this week "Barrister" shows how wide recent interpretations of the law have been in the courts. The powers of the police seem to need definition, and perhaps restriction, rather than expansion.

The Arms Commission

A notable omission from the Speech is any reference to the findings of the Royal Commission on the Private Manufacture of Arms. The Commission came unfortunately far too late. Rearmament on the old lines of collaboration between private firms and Government arsenals had already been decided upon when the Commission began to meet, and it was almost inevitable in the circumstances that the Commission should be overwhelmed by Sir Maurice Hankey's contention that it would be dangerous in the present arms race to attempt any drastic experiment in public ownership. The Commission makes little of the scandals of the arms traffic though it has unearthed and censures one scandal that it has itself discovered. It urges the restriction of profits in armaments. We should like to know more precisely what the Government, which have agreed to this in principle, is doing to stop profiteering. It is not surprising in the circumstances to find the Commission urging that armaments should be under the supervision of a responsible Minister with power to control supply, manufacture, costing and orders from abroad. This to a large extent the Government purports already to have done by appointing Sir Thomas Inskip. The row

with Lord Nuffield suggests that the co-ordination has not been altogether effective, and there are rumours that Sir Thomas is to become a Minister of Supply with another co-ordinatory Minister appointed over him to carry out a more vigorous policy, possibly including that conscription of industry which the Royal Commission conveniently urges as a necessary emergency measure.

The Fight for Madrid

It looked last week-end as though the rebels would be in Madrid within a day or two. But though they succeeded in gaining ground, and their bombing planes continued to raid the city, the advance suffered some checks. The Government forces, thanks to a better supply of tanks and armoured trains (the product of their own arsenals) were able to make some effective counter-attacks. Correspondents in Madrid also reported an improvement in the defensive positions and in the discipline and spirit of the militia. But reviving hopes have been dashed. As we write, the defenders have been pushed back into the suburbs of the city, and they are preparing for the last phase, street-fighting. Meanwhile, negotiations are going on for the inclusion of Anarcho-Syndicalists in the Madrid Government, and it is probable that they will get four Ministries. This will be of importance in consolidating the Popular Front. And it is significant of the rapid change that is coming over the Anarchists' political ideas.

Dictators' Talk

Dictators' speeches in Germany and Italy during the past week have added some more foam to the troubled waters. General Göring and Dr. Goebbels made nasty remarks about Great Britain and the part she played in "stealing" Germany's gold and Germany's colonies. In criticising this country as one of the chief authors of the Treaty of Versailles, they were doing no more than the majority of Englishmen have done for years past. But there is a wisdom in the choice of words, and it will not advance any just claims which Germany may have to blackguard us or anyone else. An official protest has been lodged against these speeches, which is mild and proper in form. But it is significant that the British Government will rise instantly to the hint of a threat to a British possession (though it is important for both Germans and Britons to remember that the territories which we hold under mandates are not, strictly speaking, British possessions), while they condone a gross and dangerous violation of international law in Spain. Mussolini raged over a wider field. So far as Great Britain is concerned, the trouble is the Mediterranean. He demands that we shall respect Italy's legitimate interests, and threatens us with God knows what if we try "to strangle the life of the Italian people in that sea." This is fustian. Nobody wants to interfere with Italy's rights in the Mediterranean—unless the Duce really includes in them the right to recreate the Roman Empire. And considering the success with which he disposed of the British Government in the Abyssinian affair, it is we, and not he, who should be anxious about legitimate interests.

The Isolation of France

The French press reflects the annoyance which the Duce's speech has caused among all parties. He was, it is pointed out, more flatly hostile to France than to any other country. This is singular ingratitude, for as the Left emphasises, he has forgotten the services of M. Laval in rendering sanctions ineffective. As yet no one suggests that French diplomacy ought to humiliate itself to placate Mussolini, and some surprise is expressed over the semi-official intimation from London that Mr. Eden proposes to turn the other cheek to the smiter. But the press of the Right, which was pro-Italian during the Abyssinian affair, is now gravely alarmed by the occupation of the Balearic Isles. The speech has for the moment, but probably for no longer, silenced the controversy that had begun to distract the Front Populaire. A fresh speech by the Communist leader, M. Thorez, more critical than any that had preceded it, may register the anger of the extremer Left at the coldness with which moderate governmental opinion has received the news of Russia's initiative on behalf of the Spanish Republic. It was officially announced on Wednesday that the fortifications of the Maginot Line will immediately be extended, westwards to cover the Belgian frontier, and southwards to meet a possible German offensive through Switzerland. This decision reflects the growing sense of isolation in France. Some similar step may soon be necessary along the Spanish frontier.

Another Dictator

The military *coup d'état* in Iraq has added another to the swelling list of dictators. General Bakir Sidqi is a man of ability, with a great deal of ambition and few scruples. To say that he is universally popular would be going too far, but certainly he has many admirers, and can apparently count on the full support of the army. He had no difficulty in turning out the Government; one Minister, Jafar Pasha, was treacherously murdered and others have fled the country. The new Ministers will be his henchmen, and the King presumably his puppet. A general election in the near future will give him a puppet Parliament. His policy is expected to be rough, not to say brutal. He will strengthen the army, it is believed, and he may use the big stick against Christians, Jews and the Moslem tribes on the Middle Euphrates. He has in the past conducted operations against these tribes, and before that, in 1933, when he was in command of the Iraqi troops in Mosul, he was responsible for a massacre of Assyrians. Relations with this country, the new Prime Minister declares, will remain unchanged. But the present regime, though it will doubtless find it expedient to maintain the treaty with Great Britain, is likely to be less Anglophile than the last.

Lois Carlos Prestes

We can scarcely believe the announcement that the Brazilian Government will go so far as to shoot Lois Carlos Prestes, the leader of the National Liberation Alliance, which is the Popular Front in Brazil. He is worshipped as a national hero by the mass of the population and seems by all accounts to be a fine, and perhaps a great man. He was arrested in February, 1935, on a charge of "desertion" from the army and seems to have had no court martial. A friend of his, Ewart, who was an exiled Communist Deputy of the Reichstag, was arrested with his wife on a similar charge; they have now been deported to Germany where they are believed

to be in a concentration camp. Their deportation was inevitable, but it was surely despicable to send them to Germany. An account of their prison conditions in Brazil and the use of torture to extort information was given by Richard Freeman in an article in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION on June 6th of this year. We hope the Brazilian Government will realise the conclusions that will be drawn abroad if they shoot Prestes.

A Municipal Setback

The municipal elections have resulted in a moderate Labour setback. This is not really surprising, even apart from any reactions from the Edinburgh Conference; for Labour was this year defending a large number of seats gained in 1933, so that the proportion of retiring Labour councillors was considerably greater than the proportion of Labour to other parties in the Councils as a whole. Nevertheless, though no close parallel can ever be drawn between municipal and national elections, the results bear out the opinion that, over the country as a whole, the Labour Party is at present neither gaining nor losing ground. It is still advancing in backward areas, such as Oxford, which are in process of rapid industrialisation; but elsewhere, save sporadically, it is at any rate not progressing. There were, indeed, spectacular gains at Bristol—which appear to indicate that Sir Stafford Cripps is not the electoral handicap he is often represented as being in conservative Labour circles. In most places the turnover was relatively small—a seat gained or lost, with a preponderance of small losses over small gains.

The Hunger Marchers

The Jarrow marchers, having pledged themselves to behave in a strictly non-political manner, are being sedulously fêted as the "good boys" among the unemployed. We are glad that they have been so warmly welcomed; Jarrow has a special grievance against the steel monopolists, over and above the general grievance of all the depressed areas against the Government. But we fancy that both the Government and many of the newspapers are misinterpreting the general state of public feeling in the attitude of ostracism which they are adopting towards the "hunger marchers" from other areas. Our information is that there has been everywhere a marked willingness, by no means confined to Communists and Socialists, to welcome the marchers in the towns through which they have passed. It is now generally taken for granted—especially since Mr. Stewart's resignation—that the Government has no intention of doing anything effective on behalf of the depressed areas; and it is also realised that the combined effects of re-armament and economic recovery have been nugatory in the volume of employment in these areas. In fact, Durham and South Wales and the other distressed districts are now farther than ever behind in the upward movement of employment; and it has become more than ever plain that it is futile to expect them to recover of themselves merely as a consequence of a general economic improvement.

The Depressed Areas

In face of this situation, which is already well enough understood among a large section of the public, the Government has declared its intention of merely renewing the powers of the Special Areas Commissioner, with the substitution of Sir George Gillett for Mr. Malcolm Stewart in the office. It has, however, been repeatedly demonstrated that the present powers of the Commissioner are wholly inadequate. He cannot give financial aid to any enterprise which is eligible for aid from some other Government department, even if that aid is in fact refused. He cannot assist the development of profit-making enterprise, though, as long as our economic system is based on the profit motive, only a revival of such enterprise can stimulate recovery in the depressed areas. He cannot help transfer schemes by establishing agencies outside the depressed areas, or finance schemes even within the areas which are not economically productive. In short, he is hemmed in by so many "don'ts" that no one need be surprised at his failure to achieve significant results. Mr. Malcolm Stewart's good intentions are unquestioned; he was given an impossible job. In this impossible job it is now the Government's intention that his successor shall also be given scope to fail.

"Sunday Times" Book Exhibition

The fault of nearly all exhibitions, whether of books or motor-cars or pictures, is that there are too many exhibits and too many people trying to look at them at the same time. It is a pleasant surprise to find at Dorland Hall, where the Fourth *Sunday Times* Book Exhibition will be open till the end of next week, that there is room to walk about in comfort despite the crowds. As a display of the activity of authors, publishers and printers, it is staggering; not everyone knows that 11,000 new books are published in this country every year. Some of the larger stalls, allotted to publishers, are as well stocked as a small bookshop, at which one could well spend an afternoon. It is a pity that even more space has not been available, for by far the handsomest stands are those which contain a few books well arranged. Messrs. Cobden-Sanderson have an exhibit which should be a model for all such displays in the future. The "attractions" include a programme of lectures by well-known authors, performances of the book film *Cover to Cover*, a collection of illustrated editions of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and a section devoted to children's books. The purchaser with an eye on Christmas will find the Library of Living Books published by the Exhibition a useful guide.

Gerald Gould

We deeply regret to record the death of Gerald Gould, the well-known author, poet, critic, and journalist. He was for a time, shortly after the war, Editor of the *Daily Herald*, and then became a regular contributor to this journal. Readers of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION and of the *Week-End Review* will remember him as one of the most delightful and witty of writers. In more recent years he has been best-known as the most popular of novel reviewers in the *Observer*. He was throughout his life a keen Socialist and pacifist and in pre-war days was an ardent supporter of the Women's Suffrage movement. His *Collected Poems* appeared in 1930. We hope to include in our next week's issue a personal appreciation.

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THE ASTONISHING ELECTION

FEW of us were interested in the game of guessing whether President Roosevelt would win; we trusted the Americans of all parties and none who told us that his victory was all but certain. But to guess why he has scored a triumph unique in the history of the United States is a challenge to our wits. For here is one of those catastrophic events peculiar to that megalomaniac Continent, a phenomenon to be ranked with its droughts and its dust storms, its tornadoes and its floods. The prophets were not mistaken, yet none of them came within hailing distance of the actual result; no one had the audacity to predict that the Republican Party would retain only the soil that the Pilgrim Fathers colonised, and not even the whole of that.

How shall we explain this miracle? Mr. Roosevelt has personality, a winning exterior and a pleasant voice; above all, he believes in himself and has the magnetism that carries this confidence to others. But other Presidents of his party, notably Grover Cleveland, have had these qualities and failed to secure re-election. Mr. Landon, on the other hand, turned out to be a commonplace if amiable figure. Yet in recent contests it seemed that Americans prized average dullness above all other qualities in a presidential candidate; what else had Mr. Coolidge to recommend him? Nor is it helpful to recall the fact that Prosperity had begun to smile on this nation. For in that situation democracy normally relapses into inertia, and turns to the party that may be trusted to let well alone. One essays the common-sense explanation that in the mass American citizens approve the New Deal. Little remains of it after the Supreme Court's orgies of destruction, yet if Mr. Roosevelt intends to assault that citadel of property, he was careful not to say so. Certainly in the middle class, even in that part of it which normally votes Democratic, there was no evident enthusiasm for Mr. Roosevelt's policies. The machine-politicians in more than one Southern State had turned against him; his predecessor, Mr. "Al" Smith, was his most embittered enemy, and he had lost the support of several leading Democratic dailies, notably the ablest of them, the Baltimore *Sun*. The conclusion would seem to be that Mr. Roosevelt won his triumph by mobilising some new force or forces which were not with him when he defeated Mr. Hoover four years ago.

The figures confirm this inference. It is not generally realised that the American electorate is normally the most apathetic in the civilised world. The displays of frenzied enthusiasm at party conventions are apt to mislead us. It is necessary to pump up artificial zeal precisely because the average citizen is indifferent. Actually, in round figures, only half the persons qualified to vote usually do so, nor do they even trouble to register themselves as voters. But on this occasion the total of registered voters shot up suddenly by about ten millions. It was no increase of population that accounted for this addition; population is nearly static. These were "forgotten men," who had formerly themselves forgotten their right to vote. Some were cynics who with every excuse "saw no difference" between the two traditional parties. Some were immigrants who did not really feel that their new country was their home. Others were so absorbed in the personal struggle for existence that they had no leisure for politics. Of these three types, the immense majority, nine in ten at least, belong to the lower and poorer strata of the population. Most of them are urban workers; a few may be "dirt farmers" or "share-croppers."

The new fact of this election is that organised labour, split from top to bottom by an internal feud, has rallied unanimously to Mr. Roosevelt. As commonly happens when the organised minority is determined, the unorganised majority has followed it. This was not so four years ago. Then even Mr. Lewis, the miners' leader, who to-day heads the progressive half of organised Labour, figured as one of Mr. Hoover's most active workers. While it is true to say that the New Deal has triumphed, the specific part of it to which this result is due would seem to be the encouragement it gave to collective bargaining. The other item in it that may rank second among the causes of victory was, doubtless, the success of Secretary Wallace and the A.A.A. in adjusting agricultural to the level of industrial prices. That accounts for Mr. Roosevelt's success in many small States of the West and the North which have no industrial population. It was here that the Union Party, under Senator Lemke, should have done well. In fact it polled a negligible vote, in spite of the mass-following that Father Coughlin and Dr. Townsend should have brought to it. It is probable that an unusually high proportion of the President's supporters are critical of his policies. Some are Socialists or even Communists; others are inflationists with Populist sympathies. They agreed, however, in desiring the continuance of the New Deal, and in opposing the return of Big Business to power.

It is comparatively easy to forecast the immediate effect of this election on American politics; the long range effect is harder to foretell. Mr. Roosevelt has recovered something like the omnipotence he possessed at the opening of his first term. Congress will be even more solidly behind him than it was then. He can lead where he chooses. Will he continue to hug "the middle of the road"? Or will he be emboldened by this amazing vote of confidence to quicken his pace and enlarge the scope of his ambitions? Will he, for example, venture to join battle with the Supreme Court? For our part we do not dare to prophesy. As we read the mind of this unusual man, he is perfectly sincere in his loyalty to the capitalist structure of society, and to the Constitution that is its perfect embodiment. He believes in a wide range of social reforms designed to lighten the daily burdens of small farmers, clerks and manual workers. He dislikes the insolent anarchism and the predatory appetites of Big Business and of Wall Street. But he means to preserve against all encroachments the fundamental institution of private ownership over the means of life. By regulation he intends only to curb what he would call its "unethical" excesses. If this be the correct reading, we should expect no startling new departures in his second term. He may be driven to fight the Supreme Court, but it is more probable that that institution will itself learn prudence from this vote. The main effort of the President is likely to be in the realm of finance. He will tax high incomes and great inheritances more boldly than he has yet done.

In the long run, the more one attributes this victory to Mr. Roosevelt himself, the less does it mean for the remoter future. One thing he has so far failed to do. He has not created a new progressive party. The

"forgotten man" has rallied, not to the Democratic machine, but to Franklin Roosevelt, who happens to be by birth and tradition the one conspicuous aristocrat in American politics. We may wonder what would happen if one of his lieutenants, say Mr. Wallace, a man as notable for his sincerity as for his ability, were to follow him as candidate for the Presidency. Such a choice is, however, unlikely. When Mr. Roosevelt disappears, the one reality that will confront the voter will be this uninspiring mixed entity, this party drawn, more than half of it, from the ultra-reactionary South. The chance will come at last for a Third Party, resting avowedly on the working masses of town and country. But the chance that Labour will be fit to use this opportunity is as yet slender. The Trade Unions, numerically weak, backward in their thinking and miserably led, have four years in which to reform their ranks and enlist the unskilled masses. If they fail in this, there will be no Third Party. Again, it is essential that Socialists and Communists should end their doctrinaire squabbles, and unite to supply the untaught masses with some simple but coherent body of doctrine. If they fail in this, again there will be no Third Party. These, however, are remote speculations. The fact that faces us to-day is that America has chosen a dictator who firmly believes at once in democracy and in himself.

A NATIONAL DISGRACE

AMONG the announcements in the King's Speech it is satisfactory to find at long last the promise of a new Factory Bill. It is to be hoped that there will be equal cause for satisfaction in the zeal of the Government in putting the Bill through and in the reforms which are embodied in it. Reforms are long overdue. The last consolidating Act was passed more than a generation ago. There have been only a few minor amendments since; the Bills of 1924 and 1926 came to nothing, and the position to-day is substantially what it was at the beginning of the century. In this long interval both public opinion and conditions in industry have changed, and in the light of those changes it is no exaggeration to say that our factory code as it stands is a national disgrace.

It has many defects, big and little. The most outstanding is the "period of employment" which it permits for women and young persons between the ages of 14 and 18 in factories and workshops. (Men's hours, except in certain special cases, are not regulated by law—as they would have been if Great Britain had not refused to ratify the Washington Hours Convention passed by the International Labour Organisations.) Incredible as it may seem, there has been no reduction of the legal maximum hours for the best part of a century. These are still what they were in the time of our great-grandfathers. In textile factories they may run from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m., or from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m., with two hours off for meals, on five days per week; on the sixth day, from 6 a.m. to noon, or from 7 a.m. to 1 p.m., with half an hour for a meal. That makes a total of 55½ hours of work in the week. In non-textile factories only 1½ hours are allowed off for meals, and the "short day" is an hour longer; so that the total of working hours in the week comes to 60. Besides this, overtime is permitted for women in certain circumstances. This may extend to two hours a day (less half an hour for a meal), but it may not be worked on more than three days in any one week, nor on more than thirty days in the year. How can such hours as these be justified, in face of the acceptance of the eight-hour day in a great number of the well-organised industries, of the drastic curtailment of the period of employment for young persons in the recent Shops Act, and of the general belief in the importance of leisure? Add to the long hours of labour the greater intensity and strain of much of the work of to-day; add the fact that many of the workers live at considerable distances from the factories, and are forced to take long, uncomfortable and often exhausting journeys in overcrowded trains, trams and buses—and surely a 60-hour week for women and boys and girls in their 'teens must seem a monstrous thing. It ought to be as shocking to the national conscience and the national common sense in the twentieth century as the 12-hour day for children was to the early factory reformers in the nineteenth century.

But we may be asked whether this is not simply a case of the law lagging behind the practice. These hours are permitted by statute; are they actually worked? Unhappily they are, and anyone who is not sufficiently in touch with industry to discover the facts for himself may see them in the cold print of blue-books. The last Report of the Chief Inspector of Factories tells a grim story. It records how the full legal hours for women and young persons are becoming more and more usual with the improvement in trade. It speaks of children of 14 or 15 working from 8 in the morning to 8 at night, and in some cases, where there is a pressure, up to 4 o'clock on Saturdays. "Sometimes in the same works men in an organised trade are found to be working 48 hours weekly, whilst women and girls over 16 on another class are working up to legal limits." And in another passage we have this lamentable statement: "In the Midlands these long hours are generally worked by the least physically fit portion of the industrial population. The best workers tend to go to the best employers, and the weakest to drift to the factories with longest hours and the least good conditions." One common accompaniment—why, indeed, should we not say "effect?"—of excessive hours of labour is the high and increasing accident risk among young persons under eighteen. In 1935 the number of accidents for 100,000 young persons employed was 3,130, as compared with 2,542 for 100,000 adults. In 1928 the accident risk among young persons was 3 per cent. above that among grown-ups. In 1935 this figure had risen to 22 per cent.

There is, then, an overwhelming case for a drastic reduction of hours in the new Bill. The legal maximum ought not to exceed an eight-hour day and a 44-hour week for women, and a 40-hour week for young persons. There ought to be no general permission of overtime for women and none at all for juveniles. We should like to see even shorter hours than these, as well as a statutory holiday of at least a week with full pay; but it is useless to offer counsels of perfection to our National Government. "Rich folks," as Mrs. Gamp remarked, "may ride on camels, but it ain't so easy for 'em to see out of a needle's eye." There are, however, some rich folks, including employers, with sufficient sense and good feeling to see the importance of shorter hours, and the value which, in the case of juveniles, they may have from an educational point of view. The Committee on Wage-Earning Children has given us examples of a number of firms who limit their hours of work to about 40 a week for young persons and require attendance at day-continuation schools or classes as an integral part of their schemes for training young employees. As for the Government, they have been preaching through Mr. Neville Chamberlain and other Ministers the gospel of bodily fitness. They believe, as they have told us, that young people would readily avail themselves of the opportunity for physical exercise, if shorter hours of work left them more time and energy for recreation. Let the Government, then, and their supporters in Parliament, provide that opportunity.

Besides the reduction of hours there are, of course, other amendments of the law which are vital for the health, welfare, safety or comfort of the factory workers. The existing provisions as to lighting and temperature, and cloakrooms and messrooms, are inadequate. The legal "spell of employment" (that is to say, the time of continuous work without a break of at least half an hour) is now 5 hours in textile and

4½ hours in non-textile factories, and this is obviously too long. The provisions for the examination of new entrants into industry by the certifying factory surgeons, again, are far from what they should be. And what of the age of entry itself? The raising of the school-leaving age to fifteen has now been accepted in principle, though the timidity of the legislature has provided ample loopholes for ensuring that the principle shall not be put into practice. But public opinion should demand—and does demand, we believe—that the minimum age of entry into factory employment shall be fifteen—or higher, if the school-leaving age be higher. Boys and girls of fourteen are not "young persons"; they are children, and it is as stupid as it is inhumane to make them into wage-earners. Finally, there is a crying need for an increase in the number of factory inspectors. There are at present 254 inspectors and nearly 250,000 factories and workshops to be inspected. Those figures require no comment.

There is nothing Utopian about such a programme of reform as we have touched on. It is perfectly practicable in our "Acquisitive Society" of to-day, and it is desirable, and indeed essential, if we mean to make this society a trifle more civilised than it is. We are glad to see that a "Factories Bill Campaign" has been formed under the chairmanship of Miss Gertrude Tuckwell, and with Miss R. Tweedy (32 Primrose Hill Road, London, N.W.3) as Hon. Secretary, to stimulate and inform public opinion, and to press for a measure which will be a genuine remedy for grave evils. For there will be opposition, as there has been in the past to almost every reform of the factory laws, from selfish and short-sighted employers. There may also be apathy or cowardice on the part of the Government; we do not yet know what exactly they propose to put into their Bill or in what spirit they intend to deal with it in Parliament. To defeat opposition and apathy we need an agitation for factory reform as keen and as active as that of a century ago.

JEW AND BLACKSHIRT IN THE EAST END

[We have asked Dr. Harry Roberts to contribute from his long and unusual experience a personal impression of the Jew and Blackshirt problem as he has observed it. The article is designed to sketch the background in a particular area: it is not supposed to supply a summary of the political and racial problems involved in the attack on the Jews throughout the East End.—Ed. N.S. & N.]

FOR some thirty years I have practised medicine in, and most of the time have lived in, the East End. During that period I have seen many and great changes in the habits and points of view of the people living there. It is always dangerous to generalise about groups of individuals; and there is no more uniformity of type or character or mental attitude among East Enders than among the inhabitants of any village or town in the country. The winner of a recent competition in this journal gave us a highly entertaining portrait of "A New Statesman Reader"; but only a simple soul would, in fact, expect to find one in a hundred subscribers to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION even remotely resembling that fictitious person. So it is with the East Enders. Moreover, the East End covers a lot of ground. My familiarity extends to but a fraction of that ground, though not an inappreciable fraction.

Mile End, in which I live, differs in many important respects from most of its neighbouring districts. Its peculiar relevance to recent disturbances—sufficiently exciting to gain considerable newspaper notoriety—lies in the fact that its population is made up of members of two very different races, in numbers fairly evenly balanced. For many decades, Aldgate and Whitechapel have been overwhelmingly Jewish in composition. Steadily the Jews have spread eastwards; and I have seen street after street in Mile End which were, even twenty or so years ago, almost wholly occupied by "Gentiles," progressively occupied by Jews until almost every house in the street, including every little corner shop, has come to be in Jewish occupation. The Jews are much more clannish than the natives whom they have so largely replaced; what they want to buy, they prefer to buy from Jews; when they have a post to fill, they prefer to fill it with a Jew. Exclusiveness and nationalism are not peculiar to Aryans; indeed, in matters of inter-marriage with neighbours of a different "faith," the Jews have set an example which the Hitlerites have imitated. Few of us worry about whether we have a drop of German or Dutch or Scandinavian blood in our veins, and few English people mind a substantial streak of Semitism or other orientalism in their make-up. But the orthodox Jew will have none of it. What endless interviews and arguments I have devoted to Jewish parents in an effort to induce them to see that their more cosmopolitan-minded daughters have not committed the ultimate sin against the Semitic equivalent of the Holy Ghost in falling in love with a worthy young Gentile clerk with whom they work in some City office! Even when I have sought and obtained the sympathetic collaboration of an intelligent rabbi, my efforts have often ended in failure. If one is to understand the present situation and the recent outbreaks of insult and violence, it is necessary to bear in mind these basic circumstances.

The average poorish Jew has a different glandular and emotional make-up from that of the average poorish Englishman; and, what is even more important, a very different family and racial tradition. He (and equally she) has a regulative code of social conduct in many ways altogether unlike that which—at all events in small everyday matters—rules the activities of most of his non-Jewish neighbours. There are lots of things that most of us in this country look upon as "bad form," or as "things one doesn't do," which to the majority of un-West-Endernised Jews seem manifestations of obvious common sense and self-expressionness. There are, of course, plenty of exceptions to these generalisations, but they do not get rid of the collective impression. Jews are often much more "pushful," as well as more persistently industrious, than most of those with whom they compete—and often as a result replace—and this does not make for popularity outside their own race.

Many Jews are, in my opinion, the very salt of the earth. They are often finer, more civilised, more imaginative, and more sensitive human beings than any but the best of their Gentile neighbours; but the ways of the pushful, unsporting Jewish minority provoke an attitude of racial dislike that is apt to be indiscriminate in its target. The result is that there is a widely spread, though rarely expressed, smouldering anti-Semitic resentment—much resembling the feeling our native squirrel might have towards the grey interloper. What about the East End Mosleyites? And what about the East End Communists? Numerically, both are still relatively insignificant—but that is not the end of the matter. A few strikingly intelligent men and women attach themselves to the Communist Party; but the ordinary impartial East Ender sees in it little more than a group of young Jewish men and women, mostly of recent foreign extraction, who, reasonably disgruntled with their lot, find in this movement a means of expressing their refusal to accept the inferior social status allotted to them. That so many of the East End Communists are Jews is unfortunate both for the Communist movement and for the Jewish people. To the Gentile native of Stepney or Poplar, both the Russian Communist ideal and the Judaic code of etiquette are unattractive. The Mosleyites have recognised the possibilities which this double dislike opens up to them. Their recent activities have probably induced a number of Jews to register under the Communist banner. But, at the same time, some respectable English-born East-Enders have been led to recognise the fact that they are not unsympathetic to the insults and injuries which the Mosley apostles and hirelings have hurled at the two partly overlapping groups.

For the shouted insults, window-breakings and beard-pullings to which decent law-abiding—but money-seeking-at-any-price-to-others—Jews have been subjected, irre-

sponsible youths have been mainly *directly* answerable. But, behind these manifestations of stultified youth, are evil, egoistic "leaders of action," by the side of whom the most family-selfish of working Jews seems an angel of light and generosity. More serious and more dangerous, however, than either the tawdry dressed-up "leaders" or the youthful window-smashers, are the few Englishmen of the artisan class who have mistakenly and probably temporarily adopted the blackshirt and swastika as a symbol of their regard for the tradition of their country and of their contempt for those whose idealistic talk is at such apparent variance with their unidealistic activities off the platform. So unlike Sir Oswald Mosley! The few adult East End Fascists include some who are as decent asses as are most of the rest of us—though their earholes and their credulity are rather bigger than the average.

For the present inter-racial quarrel it is important to find a cure and a fairly quick one. So long as the basis of it remains, there will be danger; for it is on such seemingly irrelevant realities that self-seeking Hitlerite egoists—aristocratic and plebeian alike—climb to positions of self-importance and power. In England, I think it unlikely that the socio-economic doctrines of either Fascism or Communism (of the Russian sort) will ever make a wide appeal. But the tapping of the wells of dormant anti-Semitism brings an explosion within the borders of possibilities. The Jew, as well as his persecutor, has a contribution to make. A friend of mine, a French Jew, later killed fighting for France, when, at a time of strong anti-Semitic feeling, I asked him if he did not find social relations difficult, said: "No, for every anti-Semite there must be one good Jew, that he may be quite unprejudiced; I am the good Jew of many people."

HARRY ROBERTS

A LONDON DIARY

I HAD to go to Dublin last week, and wisely chose to go by the new Olley Air Service. It was a mean, damp kind of day in London when I started. In a few minutes we were above the clouds in an incredibly peaceful world of brilliant, warm sunshine; below was a fantastic floor of curling mist which changed into a view of white clouds piled up into shapes like snow mountains. We reached Dublin Air Port in 2½ hours. On the way back the air journey only took 2 hours. No crowded customs, no broken night or choppy sea. Going to Dublin by air, in fact, is no more trouble and takes not much longer than going to Birmingham by train. Every now and again I realise that science has its uses after all.

* * *

At the annual meeting of the Philosophic Society at Trinity College—which corresponds to a big guest night at Oxford or Cambridge Unions—I was delighted by the brilliant readiness of an Irish audience to laugh when it is meant to and by the speech by Mr. Frank McDermot. He used to be Cosgrave's deputy leader, but he is now an Independent. He made what I think, in the circumstances, was a courageous statement about the new "Christian Front" and suggested that it might lead to a very ugly attack on the remnants of Irish political liberty. English people have not yet heard much of the Christian Front, which is the result of the clerical agitation on behalf of the Spanish rebels. General O'Duffy, might have expected to lead it, after the failure of his Blue Shirt movement. But he is not in Ireland at the moment—or in Spain either, in spite of the talk of an Irish legion to help the rebels, and Mr. Belton, who has put himself at the head of the Christian Front, seems to be pretty generally regarded as a windbag. Some sensible people are, nevertheless, troubled by the danger that the curiously puritanical and narrow clericalism of Ireland may be yet mobilised into a nasty kind of Irish Fascism. Mr. de Valera himself has played a sane and moderating part in the Spanish controversy, and, as far as I could tell, his stock is higher than ever in Ireland. There are some complaints about the absurdity of the ever increasing list of tariffs and the high prices of many goods that ought to be cheap, and cattle-farmers still complain and so forth. But economic nationalism is so popular for sentimental reasons that argument does not as yet cut much ice. New elections must take place within the next twelve months, and my guess is that Mr. de Valera will do better than ever.

* * *

He is shortly to announce a new Constitution. No one knows what it is to be. I am sure that it will not be specifically republican, will not, that is to say, repudiate the British Commonwealth or challenge England to treat Irishmen in England as foreigners. That would be a serious blow to the Irish middle classes who are welcomed over here as doctors and in other professional capacities. Nor would the Free State want to lose the protection of the British Navy. But I should guess that de Valera would draft his constitution on the assumption that sometime or other the Six Counties will join up with the Irish Free State. He always insists that there can be no good or permanent settlement of Anglo-Irish relations until the whole of Ireland is a united country. He knows, of course, as well as anyone, that whatever British responsibility may have been in the past for supporting Ulster in its separatism, there is now no speedy way of uniting Ireland. The result is therefore likely to be an ideal Constitution rather than an immediately practical scheme. As to the second chamber, the Senate has been abolished, but a committee has now reported that it is advisable to substitute some other form of Senate. I should risk a pretty confident wager that de Valera will accept a rather innocuous substitute for the old Senate.

* * *

The next morning I was suddenly taken with a violent dizziness. No, it had nothing to do with travelling by air, or with Irish hospitality, generous and delightful though that was. I seem to have had something wrong with that odd balancing system in the inner ear. I went to a famous ear specialist who, after a variety of surprising investigations, squirted quantities of cold liquid into my ear. The result was astonishing. I was giddy before, but this was quite beyond giddiness. I lost all relationship to the earth or to anything. I was in the midst of a universal catastrophe in which the floor jumped over the ceiling and the entire cosmos took to a series of contortionist acrobatics. I must have clutched wildly at my chair, for I heard the doctor—a very nice man—say, "Oh, you think you are falling out of your chair, do you?" I was in no state to answer, but the truth was that I had no idea whether I had a chair or not. I no longer had any relationship to any other object. I was merely a shuttle-cock turning somersaults in space. Violently sick, I then heard the doctor's voice saying, "Beautiful! Every symptom just right. That clinches it—a perfect case." These things, of course, depend on the point of view.

* * *

Reading the *Times* on my way home I noticed a letter from Sir Daniel Stevenson, who had the humanity and enterprise to arrange for the equipment and despatch of a Scottish Ambulance unit to Spain. His committee did not wait for the £10,000 necessary if the Unit was to be maintained there for a prolonged period: they went ahead on £1,200, knowing that the need was urgent and believing that they would get the necessary help as the public realised it. This help has not yet come, largely because the minds of rich people have been prejudiced by the newspapers against doing anything for the Spanish Government. Even looking after their wounded is regarded as taking sides! It is difficult to have patience with such an attitude. But I feel sure that Sir Daniel will get his funds.

* * *

A British Cabinet is not supposed to represent "interests," and people who ask whether Mr. So-and-So or Lord Guinea-pig are included to represent the F.B.I. or some other organised interest are stigmatised as carping critics or Socialists. So I read the first paragraph of the British Road Federation's Monthly Bulletin for November with some amusement. After congratulating the Minister of Transport on his elevation

to the Cabinet, the British Road Federation says that "it recognises the wisdom of the transport industry being represented in the Cabinet." Rather hard on Mr. Hore-Belisha!

* * *

Talking of economic nationalism, by the way, I have in front of me a British announcement, inviting interested parties to write to the Import Duties Advisory Committee if they wish to make representations about new or increased import duties on

> pliers, pincers and nippers (excluding medical, surgical, dental, veterinary and dissecting instruments, and nail nippers and nail clippers), and on shirt fronts wholly or partly of paper.
>
> The Committee announce at the same time that they have decided for the present not to make any recommendation regarding the rates of import duties applicable to vitreous enamels and grits.

That's something now, isn't it?

* * *

When that masterly joker, Horace Cole, died not long ago, I gave some fresh details of his greatest rags; the most famous of which were the bogus Sultan of Zanzibar's visit to Cambridge and the equally successful inspection of a battleship by Cole as Emperor of Abyssinia. In *The "Dreadnought" Hoax* (Hogarth Press, 2*s*. 6*d*), Mr. Adrian Stephen now tells the whole story of both these rags. Most of the book is taken up with the second hoax in which Adrian Stephen himself, his sister Virginia (now Mrs. Woolf), Horace Cole, Duncan Grant, and two others, visited the *Dreadnought* disguised as the Emperor of Abyssinia and his suite. I hope some day to read an account by Mrs. Woolf of her experiences—in her turban and beard she shews in the photograph as a most magnificent Ras. But the delicious story is remarkably well served by Mr. Stephen's style, dry, laconic and full of carefully measured understatements, in fact very like that of his father, the formidable Sir Leslie. Mr. Stephen had the most difficult part. Disguised as an interpreter he had to talk a lot of gibberish, and took refuge in mispronouncing long passages from the fourth book of the Aeneid, which he had learnt by heart at school. The audacity of the exploit seems to-day almost incredible. But in those golden years, as Mr. Stephen says, "anyone who took up an attitude of authority over anyone else was necessarily also someone who offered a leg for everyone to pull." Indeed, he goes on, "of all the authorities in the world that offered a leg for everyone's pulling, the most obvious was the German army." Mr. Stephen's first scheme was that he and Cole should acquire the uniforms of German officers, take command of some German troops near the French frontier and march them across to France. If this spirited piece of Köpenickismus had been brought off, perhaps the great war would have taken place a couple of years sooner, or perhaps it would have been postponed, because people would not have believed it when the German army crossed the Belgian frontier.

* * *

Granville Barker is, I see, coming back to London to produce his play, *Waste*. It is a title which provokes puns, and I remember hearing that when the play was first published the publishers wrote to Mr. Barker announcing with pride that they had secured advertising space for his play on every third water tap in London.

CRITIC

RUMANIA WITHOUT TITULESCU

[FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT RECENTLY IN RUMANIA]

RUMANIA is lusciously Byzantine, whether you consider Titulescu on the one hand or the Iron Guard on the other, or the wholesale corruption on every hand. There is no false modesty about the corruption; it is the stand-by joke of the Bucarest music-halls, and my friends in Vienna and Budapest had instructed me to discover how much the Germans paid Madame Lupescu to be rid of Titulescu! The Germans, however, had had no need, for Titulescu, with the dexterity of semi-genius, had dug his own grave. He had thoroughly enraged his colleagues. They could never get at him, they complained, because he was always abroad issuing official communiqués off his own bat. (He could not stay long in Rumania, he retorted, because he would be murdered by the Iron Guard, an assumption which his recent illness has appeared to justify.) Meanwhile, he conducted Rumania's foreign policy with something like brilliance and prepared the way for Russia's recognition of the Dniester frontier which would have spelt a Rumanian triumph indeed. Cabinet and Court, however, were deeply suspicious of a Russophile policy and the articulate sentiment of the country remained as Russophobe as ever. When Titulescu staked so much upon the League, and lost, in the Abyssinian affair, his position was seriously shaken. But he showed such generosity to the press both at home and abroad that his weakness could be concealed; he even found ways to win spasmodic favour with the powerful and more or less Fascist daily, *Universul*.

In July the Straits Conference at Montreux brought matters to a head, for there was Titulescu working hand in glove with Litvinov. Suddenly the Foreign Minister appeared in Bucarest to intimate that a National Peasant Cabinet would suit him better than his Liberal colleagues did. The King not unnaturally refused to comply, whereupon Titulescu tried to extract a written promise from both King Carol and the most important Ministers that they would support the seven main points in the Foreign Minister's programme. In August a National Peasant appeal to the Crown against Iron Guard threats provided an excuse for reshaping the Cabinet and Monsieur Titulescu found himself unceremoniously dropped. However admirable his policy may have been, it became disastrously misleading, since it presented an impressive façade with nothing behind it.

For the National Peasant Party, though numerically strong and certainly in sympathy with Titulescu, cannot mobilise its forces. The reconstituted Cabinet has declared its determination to quell disorder, but it appears to incline more to the Right than ever, and the National Peasants are perforce forming peasant guards to protect themselves. There is to be a General Election next year, but only a Government party can win elections in the Balkans, and it is extremely unlikely that M. Maniu, the National Peasant leader, will ever be recalled by King Carol, whose private life he austerely but openly condemns, though it was Maniu who brought the King back to his throne.

Every time the Rumanian Fascists become too much of a bad thing, the Liberal Government decides that a stop must be put to their lawlessness and promptly goes a little further—to the Right! Since these "Liberals" took over the government late in 1933 there has been uninterrupted martial law, and German, but especially Hungarian, minority rights have been increasingly neglected. That police methods are as hateful in Rumania as in every other country east of the Rhine was illustrated by the case of the Communist Jewess, Anna Pauker, in July. Anna Pauker was championed by the newspaper *Dimineata* which, largely in consequence, has been bombarded with Streicherisms by *Universul*, and copies of *Dimineata* have been constantly burnt in the streets with impunity. When, the other day, a group of people, with foreign names, to be sure, burnt copies of *Universul* in public, they were condemned by the military courts to ten years' imprisonment.

As for the admitted Right, Rumania, with its traditional anti-Semitism, specialises in Fascism, with as many brands as the most fastidious reactionary could wish to choose from. The Orthodox Church has a lot to do with all this; the *mystique* is Orthodox, never neo-pagan—I have never before heard so much about the soul of a nation; even anti-Fascists explained the soul of Rumania. Stelian Popescu, the director of *Universul*, is a prominent anti-Semitic ally of the Church, and the Goga-Cuza National Christians are not to be despised. Many serious observers regard the old Transylvanian leader and ex-National Peasant Premier, Vaida Voevod, who is now the leader of the Fascist "Rumanian Front" as the most likely

successor to Tatarescu. But the most picturesque Fascist group remains the suppressed Iron Guard which irrepressibly flourishes as the "All for the Fatherland" movement. After the Iron Guard murdered Duca, the Liberal Premier, its leader, Codreanu, was hidden in the house of some relations of Madame Lupescu, for she is afraid of Codreanu's threats. The movement is quite crudely opposed to all Jews and all Communists. Its second in command is old General Cantacuzino who, officially photographed with his monocle, looks marvellously fierce. But when he explains to one why the Jews must all go, the ferocious monocle drops out and the argument is sustained by a search for the eyeglass. "Dear me, this happens all day long," the old man murmurs, robbed of his sting.

Rumania is an 80 per cent. peasant country and immensely dependent upon its 750,000 Jews to perform the functions of a middle class; Jews, like the steel-king Auschnitt, play a very important role. But anti-Semitism is tremendously strong, as Bismarck once found, when, after 1878, he forced the Rumanians to accept the citizenship of the Jews. To-day the German outlook has changed, and it will be evident that the path for Nazi propagandists is perfectly prepared. Hatred and suspicion of Russia date from 1878, too, and a Communist Russia is particularly alarming to the Liberal Party and their banking interests, and to all the corruptly wealthy, though with no more than a couple of hundred thousand industrial workers there is little to fear at home. Where the Jugoslav universities produce Communist riots, the students of Bucarest and Jassy, with scarcely an exception, are incompetent peasants' sons who want the jobs of the Jews. Germany provides money and newspapers to fan these flames of jealousy and fear, and though "All for the Fatherland" has an elaborate salute of its own, the green shirts of its members are, to all intents and purposes, made in Germany.

Many of Rumania's more serious politicians, who are aware of Germany's revisionist intrigues in Hungary, and are even alive to the danger of Germany's most far-reaching Balkan ambitions, believe nevertheless that Germany is less dangerous to Rumania than Russia; this is probably the view of King Carol. How, then, can Rumania remain in any sense true to the Little Entente, and what did King Carol say to President Benes in Prague, last week, on the anniversary of the liberation of the Czechoslovakia of to-day?

There is probably no definite answer to a question of this kind. In 1914, Rumania, like Italy, was allied with the Central Powers; but that did not prevent it from joining the Allies later, and to-day the Rumanians particularly admire the strategy of Poland. Both Rumanians and Jugoslavs are really more interested in the Balkan than the Little Entente, and hope that the Balkan Alliance will close the gates to the interference of Great Powers in the peninsula. As for the Czechs, the Rumanians dislike them and would shed no tears in leaving them to a fate decreed by Berlin. Meanwhile, if the Czechs are willing to buy more from Rumania and to provide her with armaments and capital, all the better. Her army is ill-equipped and poorly officered, her communications are inadequate, and, whatever is to come, Rumania will be glad to see improvements effected; there is every advantage in the tardy building of the Turnu Severin bridge across the Danube. As for the copper-oil exchange plans with Jugoslavia, though the oil companies in Rumania may suffer, the Rumanian Government will probably know how to profit from this occasion. The Belgian declaration, but more especially Italy's quite recent acquiescence in the anti-Russian thesis, have undoubtedly pushed Rumania farther away from Russia, and a Rumanian-Russian treaty on the Czech model has vanished away into a limbo of still-born projects. And yet when the day comes it may be less unpleasant to accept a Russian invasion than to oppose it, or the fear of Magyar revisionism may suddenly throw Rumania into the arms of Russia. No one can tell. For the time being estimable phrases about the friendly collaboration between Little Entente, Rome Protocol Powers and Germany will pass the time when Monarchs visit Presidents or vice versa.

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Zero.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

There is one thing which League players seem to overdo. When a player scores a goal, he is sometimes almost mobbed by the other players who rush to congratulate him. Too much elation in victory seems to be somewhat un-British and as objectionable as the habit some Continental boxers have of kissing one another in the ring.—Letter in *Radio Times*.

In the foyer of a London hotel at lunch-time yesterday there passed ex-Queen Eugènie; her features appeared drawn and anxious; she was doubtless on her way to visit Queen Mary at Marlborough House.—*Evening News*.

I share the opinion with many electors whom I have already met that party politics should not enter into local government affairs and it is on this account, and because I am opposed to the policy of the Socialist Party, that I have decided to contest this election and have accepted the assistance of the Conservative organisation in the Ward. —Election address.

An impression has spread among foreign countries that there is something inherently wrong with the spirit of the British people, as indicated by the poor returns for Army recruitment. It is a damaging idea, and may lead to all sorts of wrong conclusions abroad. Lord Winterton dwelt on this puzzling problem, at a Yeomanry dinner, on Tuesday, declaring that he was convinced there was some factor militating against Army recruiting.—*Chester Observer*.

Mrs. Baldwin, before the speeches on the toast list began, referred to the absence of the Prime Minister. She said he gave out of his inner consciousness, and nobody could do that without feeling a sense of exhaustion and that exhaustion descended upon him this summer.—*Times*.

You will see this illustrated to a degree which Milton would have loved to use in his grand Theory that he could explain God to Man, in the fact that zipp-fasteners are being put upon baby's clothes because zipp-fasteners are so fashionable upon the clothes of all their elders.—*Observer*.

PUBLIC ORDER AND JUDGE-MADE LAW

NEITHER the King's Speech nor Mr. Baldwin's statement to the House makes it clear what is to be the basis for the new legislation on public order. Meanwhile practically unnoticed a new law of public meetings has within the last few years been made not by Parliament but by the Courts.

Two recent decisions indicate that possibly the Courts have now come to the conclusion that the interpretation of the law upon which Dicey and the other classical authorities relied for their theory of the rights of public meeting in England is entirely wrong.

In a letter to last Monday's *Times* one of the leading present-day constitutional lawyers, Mr. Cyril Asquith, gives it as his opinion that the recent case of *Duncan v. Jones* in effect annuls the constitutional liberties which were affirmed in *Beatty v. Gilbanks*, the leading case on the right of public meeting and the sheet anchor of Professor Dicey's theory. His view is the more interesting because the Lord Chief Justice remarked in giving judgment in *Duncan v. Jones* that the case had no great constitutional importance and did not affect the principle of *Beatty v. Gilbanks*, that a man may not be convicted for doing a lawful act if he knows that his doing it may cause another to do an unlawful act. From this view of the unimportance of Duncan's case Mr. Asquith strongly dissents. He writes:

> For it seems to follow from the decision that if a gang of hooligans have disgraced one political meeting with acts of violence, and make it sufficiently clear that they intend to repeat their performance at the next, the next meeting can be prevented by the police, and its organisers

if they persist in holding it, sent to gaol: or, more shortly, that A may not hold a lawful political meeting if it is clear that B intends to break it up.

On these terms political life becomes almost over simplified. Throw rotten eggs at the speaker (a "breach of the peace"), tell the police you will do it next time, and you silence him for good.

But the nature of this fundamental change in the theory of the law seems to have escaped the attention of Parliamentary leaders and other observers who are apparently still proceeding upon the assumption that Dicey's theory of the rights of public meeting as defined in *Beatty v. Gilbanks* holds good. In an editorial commenting upon Mr. Asquith's letter the *Times* interpreted it as an argument in favour of the proposed Bill to increase the powers of the police. Actually what Mr. Asquith implies is the direct opposite. For if, as Mr. Asquith considers, the decision in *Duncan v. Jones* means that "it is part of the duty of the police to prevent any action likely to result in a breach of the peace by anyone," then the police have such far-reaching powers already that new legisation is quite superfluous.

Duncan v. Jones was one of two cases sponsored by the Council for Civil Liberties in an attempt to check what was then thought to be the extra-legal activities of the police. The result of their second case *Thomas v. Sawkins* was equally surprising to constitutional authorities. Commenting upon the decision Professor Goodhart, editor of the *Law Quarterly Review*, wrote:

> For the first time in English legal history it has been established that police officers are entitled to enter and remain on private premises if they have reasonable ground for believing that if they are not present an offence or a breach of the peace will be committed there. No case was cited by counsel or in the judgment in which it has been specifically held that the police have this power and no text book contains a statement that it exists or has ever existed.

Indeed the Government themselves were convinced that the police possessed no such authority. Only two months before the Home Secretary had explained to the House of Commons that the police had no power to enter Olympia during the riotous Fascist meeting there, and that if it was thought desirable that police should attend indoor Fascist meetings without the invitation of the organisers special legislation would be necessary.

The two cases illustrated very clearly the difficulty of asserting in the courts legal rights which even the leading textbooks and the Government themselves have implied exist. After lengthy and expensive litigation it is merely proved that these rights are not after all in existence. On the other hand, if no action is taken against police who openly violate what is accepted as the law on the subject, it is an end to civil liberty.

What is needed is not new powers for the police, but a Bill which will define what appear now to be their almost unlimited authority.

BARRISTER

THOUGHTS ON UMBRELLAS

WHEN I saw the heading, "Thoughts on Umbrellas," over a letter in the *Times*, it struck me that during a longish life I had devoted extraordinarily little thought to umbrellas. I am not sure whether I have ever even possessed an umbrella. If I have it must have been given to me, for I certainly never bought one. I do not know whether I possess an umbrella at the present moment. If I do, it must be hidden away in some dark corner. I have been trying to remember whether, on the one or two occasions when I have worn a top-hat, I also carried an umbrella. The umbrella seems the complement of the top-hat; yet I fancy I went no further than the top-hat towards perfection of attire. It is not that I was always hostile to umbrellas. As a child I liked to stand under an umbrella on a wet day and listen to the patter of the rain on it. I regarded the umbrella, however, not as a protection against the rain—for I did not mind getting wet—but as a musical instrument. These musical overhead sounds delight us in childhood. What a pleasure it was to stand in a barn in so-called foul weather and to hear the rain beating monotonously on the roof! It was a pleasure almost as keen as standing under a railway-bridge and listening to a passing train thundering overhead. Our enjoyment of such things is probably akin to our enjoyment of the drilling of the woodpecker and the music of the drum.

The umbrella, however, though it afforded me aesthetic pleasure, appealed to me less and less as I grew up and saw that it was generally looked on as a utility or, worse still, an emblem of respectability. I was not a bigot, and could see well enough that men wearing top-hats in our variable climate had to carry umbrellas in self-defence. But I disliked the habit of carrying umbrellas as ornaments—a sort of silk-trousered walking-stick—and I disliked it especially in the young. The Greeks and the Romans, it is said, regarded the carrying of umbrellas by persons of the male sex as a mark of effeminacy, and I, though I did not know it at the time—and, indeed, did not know it till the present moment, when I looked up "umbrella" in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*—was with the Greeks and the Romans in this matter. It may be that the Greeks and the Romans were not confronted by the same problems as the Ulidians, since it was from the sun rather than the rain that they needed protection. Even so, I could not see why any man worthy of the name and not wearing a top-hat should object to getting wet. It seemed as unnatural as the objection of some women to getting sunburnt. When I saw a young man in a bowler-hat carrying an umbrella in those days, I used to think to myself: "That is the sort of finicking young fellow who on a wet day would tiptoe his way across a street for fear of getting his boots muddy." Excessive care of boots and shoes always struck me as being a vice, and I put the carrying of umbrellas by the young in the same category.

Yet one of the dearest of my friends constantly carried an umbrella. I will say this for him, however: he never wore an overcoat; and even his umbrella, instead of being an expression of respectability, was the disguise of a fundamentally Bohemian temperament. I never met a man who was so Bohemian in character and who at the same time hated all the outward signs of Bohemianism as impatiently as if he had been a churchwarden. He shaved every morning; he brushed his clothes carefully before going out; he kept his hair cut to a proper shortness; he dressed as neatly as a clubman—I am speaking of the clubman of another century—in short, he did everything in public to entitle him to be called respectable except go to church or refrain from going into public houses. Nor was this respectability of his a form of hypocrisy. It was the result partly of fastidiousness and partly of modesty. He disliked making himself a showpiece in the streets, and preferred to go about as inconspicuously as if he were the most respectable man alive. Hence he observed all the conventions that make for inconspicuousness. His very umbrella served him much as the cloak of invisibility served the man in the fairy-tale.

Despite this single instance, however, the umbrella throughout the ages has usually been an instrument of boastfulness. "In eastern countries," according to the *Encyclopaedia*, "from the earliest times the umbrella was one of the insignia of royalty and power." In India the Mahratta princes used as one of their titles "Lord of the Umbrella." In 1855—I am quoting authorities who know more about these matters than I do—the King of Burma, in an address to the Governor-General of India, spoke of himself as "the monarch who reigns over the great umbrella-wearing chiefs of the eastern country." It is clear that the umbrella, which began its conquest of England towards the end of the eighteenth century, had its origin in what is called "swank." England was apparently not entirely destitute of umbrellas before that time, but tradition—and tradition is as good a historian as any other—says that Jonas Hanway, the eighteenth-century traveller, was the first Englishman who regularly carried an umbrella. That, as everyone knows, was the prelude to the imperial boastfulness of the nineteenth century. Not all at once, however, was the umbrella to triumph. Unless my very

fallible memory is mistaken, King Louis Philippe was much derided in England and elsewhere at the time of his downfall as a king who had carried an umbrella. After that, however, the umbrella reigned supreme. Kings and commoners alike hastened to provide themselves with umbrellas, and an age was ushered in in which the umbrellaless Chaucer and the umbrellaless Shakespeare would have found it difficult to breathe. So common a possession has the umbrella become nowadays that, if you go to see the Derby on a wet day, Epsom Downs has the appearance of an enormous field thick with mushrooms. But is any one writing poetry as good as Shakespeare's to-day? No, but everyone—except me—has an umbrella.

Apart from Imperialism, one of the worst results of the popularisation of the umbrella has been the general decline of honesty. Nothing—not even books—has been stolen during the last hundred years on the same lavish scale as umbrellas. People have become so inured to this kind of theft that even judges will laugh at a story about a stolen umbrella. Very few of your friends would think of stealing the clock from your mantelpiece, or making off with your silver candlesticks, yet there is scarcely one of them who would not take your umbrella with a light heart. So common has the theft of umbrellas become that an eminent clergyman, still living, had a silver plate made for the handle of his umbrella, bearing the inscription: "This umbrella was stolen from the Rev. —— ——." He thought that in this way he would shame the thieves into returning the umbrella on the pretence that it had been taken by mistake. Zangwill told me that on one occasion he dined at a house at which this clergyman was the other guest. The clergyman left first, and Zangwill, when leaving, could not find his umbrella. The only umbrella to be found in the hall was one bearing the inscription: "This umbrella was stolen from the Rev. —— ——." As it was pouring with rain, Zangwill naturally took it home and, on the following morning, wrote to the clergyman asking him whether he had carried off his umbrella. The clergyman replied with specious excuses, and an exchange of umbrellas took place. Zangwill said that, after recovering his umbrella, he wrote thanking the clergyman and informing him that he was having an inscription engraved on the handle: "This umbrella was stolen by the Rev. —— ——." When once the rot had set in, indeed, even the most eminent churchman could not be trusted. I would trust any Bishop in England with my watch, but I doubt whether there is a single Bishop I could trust with my umbrella, if I possessed one.

Yet there are occasions on which an umbrella is more indispensable than a watch. I was once told that many of the Chinese dislike going into battle without umbrellas, whereas they do not mind going into battle without watches. Is this for protection, I wonder? During the war, I heard of a London lady who always put up her umbrella if she happened to be out walking when an air-raid took place. An umbrella may not be bomb-proof, but it promotes confidence. Umbrellas are also useful as weapons of offence. I have seen a man in a crowd making a very good attempt to strike a mobbed referee over the head with an umbrella. As a rule, however, the umbrella is the symbol of peace. You cannot imagine, for instance, Fascists and Communists fighting each other with umbrellas. Besides, umbrellas suggest rain, and nobody likes fighting—least of all, street-fighting—in the rain. The rain as a rule can disperse a mob much more effectively than the police. I have been told by a friend, however, that this is not so in Paris, and that, when it began to rain during a riot in Paris some time ago, the Parisians simply put up their umbrellas and went on rioting. That merely proves that the French are the most martial nation on earth.

It also suggests that there is little to be said for the umbrella, except that it may occasionally keep one dry. And even then it does not protect the bottoms of one's trousers. The only umbrella that I should care to carry would be one that I could wear round my knees.

Y. Y.

Correspondence

AFTER EDINBURGH

SIR,—I am impelled to write this because even Dr. Addison, whose judgment I respect, seems to deplore what he calls my "electoral defeatism." I greatly desire to see the Labour Party win an electoral majority; but I see no use in pretending that it is well on the way to winning one when it is not, especially if the consequence of pretending is to keep the present Government in power long enough for it to wreck all our chances of saving Europe from the final devastation of war. If I thought a clear Labour majority possible at the next General Election, I should still fear that the election might come too late. But I do not regard it as possible, unless the situation changes in a totally unexpected and unpredictable manner; and in these circumstances there seems to me to be an overwhelmingly strong case for an endeavour to unite against the Government *all* the forces that can be persuaded to make a united stand against Fascist aggression and in favour of pooled security.

I should regard this case as convincing even if a Labour majority did seem just possible in some years from now—for who knows whether in 1940 this country will be in a position to hold a General Election at all? But since many of my fellow-members of the Labour Party are undoubtedly influenced in their attitude towards the idea of a People's Front by the hope that Labour may be able to win an independent majority of its own, let me set down briefly why this seems to me so unlikely that, in face of the present crisis in international affairs, it is quite irrational to base our policy on such a supposition. I am not saying that a Labour majority is impossible—for the Government could so blunder as to thrust victory into our hands. I am saying that it is so improbable that in calculating our prospects we must leave it out.

The House of Commons consists of 615 members. A clear majority of one therefore requires 308 seats. At the last General Election the Labour Party returned 154, or exactly half this number. If we add in the four members of the I.L.P. and the one Communist, we get a Socialist total of 159. (I am ignoring by-elections, as the best comparison seems to be between one General Election and another). The Labour Party, *plus* the I.L.P., thus needs, if we leave out the Communist, as the Edinburgh decision presumably compels us to do, 150 additional seats.

Where are these seats to come from? If the Labour Party, without losing a single seat that it now holds, were successful next time in capturing every seat that the Government now holds by a majority of less than 5,000, it would gain only 135 additional seats, and would still be 15 short even of a bare majority. If it captured all Government seats now held by majorities of under 6,000, it would gain 168 seats, and would thus have a small working majority—still on the assumption that it incurred no losses at all in seats which it now holds.

It is, however, reasonable to make some allowance for loss of seats at present held by narrow margins. In 1935 Socialist candidates won 9 seats with majorities of less than 500, another 5 with less than 1,000, and another 21 with less than 2,000. Excluding the Communist seat, which is here counted, suppose Labour to lose half these 34 seats. Its gains would be reduced to 151, even if it captured every seat with a Government majority of less than 6,000—which is, of course, a ridiculous supposition. Rather more realistically, suppose that Labour lost one-third of their 34 seats, and gained two-thirds of all Government seats held by a margin of less than 10,000. It would capture 166 seats and lose 11, and would then just have a majority. But does anyone really suppose such a victory to be within sight, either at the next General Election or, presumably, at the election after that? If anyone does, I should like to see shown better reasons than Dr. Dalton's irrelevant calculations about the turnover of votes; for these, as Mr. Rowse and others have shown, are meaningless unless account is taken of the areas in which the additional votes are gained.

So far, I have ignored the Liberals and the non-Socialist Independents. Many of these, it is true, hold their seats by fairly narrow majorities. Seven of them have margins of less than 1,000, and another 12 of less than 2,000. Not one of them has a majority of more than 10,000, whereas no less than 153 Government supporters—a contingent practically equal to the entire strength of the Labour Party—are in this remarkable position. If Labour captured half the Liberal and Independent seats—

which it stands no chance of doing, for Liberals sit mostly for constituencies in which Labour is weak—it would get another dozen members. But the capture of half the entire number of non-Socialist seats in which the majorities are under 10,000 would still leave Labour more than a dozen short even of a bare majority.

These calculations are based, of course, on the present distribution of constituencies. It is possible that before the next General Election, or at all events before the next but one, the Government will have passed a Redistribution Act. What effect would this be likely to have? Unless the effects would be on balance adverse to Labour, it would not be passed. But I have no doubt that, as electoral opinion stands at present, the effects would be adverse. Many of the safe Labour seats in the depressed areas and in inner London have relatively small electorates, whereas the swollen suburban and other residential constituencies, which would be split in any redistribution, mostly return Conservatives. Labour had only 26 majorities of over 10,000, as against the Government's 153. There were 39 Government majorities of over 20,000, as against Labour's 5. Of course, redistribution, unless it were confined to creating new boroughs, would cost the Conservatives some members in the rural areas; but I feel sure their gains would exceed their losses. If I am wrong, the point does not arise; for no Redistribution Act will be passed.

With the distribution of seats unchanged, Dr. Dalton estimated that a turnover of 1,750,000 voters, or less than 15 per cent. of those who voted for the Government, would probably secure the return of a clear Labour majority. If this turnover were evenly distributed, it would work out at about 2,800 a seat, ignoring differences of size between constituencies. On this basis, most seats with majorities of less than 6,000 would change hands, and Labour might just get its majority, as Dr. Dalton suggests. It is, however, fantastic to suppose that the turnover would be evenly spread. The largest gains in votes are likely in areas where Labour is so far behind that even a considerable larger turnover would not affect the result. Moreover, Dr. Dalton's figure involves a further addition to the number of Labour voters equal to that which occurred between the landslide of 1931 and the election of 1935; and I have yet to be convinced that an increase on anything like this scale is likely for some time to come.

Consider the present position in terms of areas. In the southern and eastern counties, excluding London, the Government holds 151 seats to Labour's 16. In the Midlands it holds 58 to 18, and in Northern Ireland 10 to 0. The University seats are mostly, though not quite all, Tory pocket-boroughs. Here are nearly 230 Government seats, as against only 34 held by Labour. Clearly a Labour majority is impossible without breaking into these predominantly reactionary areas. The winning of two-thirds of all the seats now held by the Government in the North of England, South Wales, and industrial Scotland, would still leave Labour at least 60 short of a majority, if the position in the South and Midlands remained as it is.

Need I labour my point any further? The Labour Party, working along its present lines, is not even in sight of an independent majority. It is most unlikely, on present indications, to fare as well electorally by 1940 as it fared in 1929, when it was on the whole considerably helped by triangular contests. Moreover, it must be remembered that, in view of the Liberal decline, there might even be a clear Government majority, without the Liberals, despite Labour's success in recovering all its 1929 seats.

If to admit all this is defeatism, I plead guilty, and justify drawing attention to unpleasant facts, which it would be most comforting not to believe, by the urgency of the occasion. It is imperative to defeat the Government; but can Labour do this, unless it can find allies? Can Labour, at all events, do it in time to avert calamity?

Some critics, admitting that I am probably correct, will meet me with a denial that there is any remedy. It will not help, they will say, or will not help enough, to reinforce Labour with a handful of Liberal M.P.'s. But I am not thinking of Liberal M.P.'s, or even, principally, of Liberal voters. I am thinking of a People's Democratic Front capable of appealing, on the basis of a limited but constructive programme, to a large body of unattached voters whom the Labour Party can hope to reach but slowly at best, if it acts alone. If this large body of "democratic" voters, unallied at present to any party, does not exist, then indeed there is no hope, and the "National" Government is securely in power for long enough to smash civilisation altogether. But I believe it does exist, and can be won, not yet for Socialism, but for pooled security and a limited programme of social legislation and economic control. Conceivably Labour might win these voters by turning its back openly on Socialism, and converting itself into a People's Party, with a programme based on making capitalism work. But that would be intolerable to most of us; for we are Socialists, and have no intention of pretending we are not. As Socialists, we believe that if peace is preserved and democratic institutions survive the crisis, Socialism will win; and precisely because we believe this we can safely ally ourselves for the time with non-Socialists who will help us to preserve democracy and peace. But Socialism will not win, at all events without devastating civil war, if we allow democracy to be defeated. It is our business as Socialists to-day to rally round us everyone who will help us to preserve peace and democracy. To fail in that is not to maintain the purity of our Socialism, but to betray the people's cause.

G. D. H. COLE

SIR,—One fact emerges so far very clear in this discussion that the function of the Trade Unions in the Labour Party is to pay up and then be told how they are to vote on any and every issue.

Not much difference between the pre-Labour Party days and to-day. The Liberals used to do something similar.

As one who spent many years as a Divisional Labour Party Chairman, Secretary of an L.R.C., I can inform the Trade Union critics that the Trade Unions we are connected with ascertain the way to vote equally as up-to-date and democratic as any Constituency Labour Party delegate.

What a shock some of these critics would have if we were to give the figures of the amount the Trade Unions spent in political propaganda, and not all on our own members. In many cases we have come to the conclusion it has been wasted, measured by the results we have obtained.

The Trade Unions have a point of view and it might as well be stated now, namely, that we will determine our own policy without any outside interference.

We will work with highbrows or lowbrows. We will fashion a weapon for the struggle. We will consult our members on all issues and give and accept advice, but we often think of that couplet of Cynicus:

> Advice in trouble is the aid which friendship freely lends
> Job's greatest patience was displayed in listening to his friends.

Red Hill, Durham. WILL LAWTHER
(Vice-President, Mineworkers Federation of Great Britain)

SIR,—Politics is the art of choosing the lesser of two evils, and so long as the Labour Party has to choose between the commonsense of the Trade Unions and the infantile schemes of academic dreamers I, for one, shall be thankful for "Trade Union domination."

Nevertheless, the organisation of the party conference deserves the attention which it is receiving. The present arrangement, by which votes are cast in blocks, is meaningless and undemocratic, not to say immoral. Not only is there the scandal of a plurality of votes (in the case where a Trade Unionist is a member of his local party) but those votes may be cast on opposite sides. Conference votes are indicative of nothing beyond the dexterity of party leaders in manipulating them. Again I record my thankfulness that in this grave hour the Trade Union leaders have the strings firmly in their hands.

A root cause of the trouble is that the National Executive dare not be defeated. The idea exists in some quarters, and gets some colour from the Party constitution, that the purpose of the Conference is to "instruct" the National Executive, and even the Parliamentary Labour Party, about what they should do and think. As I understand politics, it is the business of the Party leader, in consultation with his Parliamentary colleagues, to frame policy, and it is the purpose of the Conference to express its "opinion" If this were the tacit assumption behind the Conference, it could be a real help to leaders in assessing the state of feeling in the country. That feeling is effectively disguised by the present system of voting. But do not let us imagine that Sir Stafford Cripps represents Bristol East in some truer way than, say, Mr. Charles Dukes represents his Union. Their "representation" is analogous, but Sir Stafford Cripps is naturally peeved that he cannot call up so many votes in support of his policy as the Trade Union leaders can in support of theirs. For that, let us not cease to give thanks.

Sir Stafford Cripps almost makes me despair. If he is really anxious to drive the present Government out of power, the best

contribution he could make would be to take Trappist vows. Barely have we recovered from his "first-class financial crisis"—to which at least fifty Tory members owe their seats—when he makes an even more welcome present to our opponents. In advocacy of the cause for or against which he is briefed, he has few equals; in framing policy, he has not yet learnt the rudiments of the art. If only he would confine himself to advocating policy framed by men with greater judgment than he possesses, he could give inestimable service to the Labour Party.

The delusion exists, and Sir Stafford Cripps appears to be a victim of it, that we should have one policy for opposition and another for office. Honesty is the best policy in politics as in life generally. The only practical course is to decide according to our lights what British policy should be and then, having made up our minds on objective grounds, to support or oppose the Government according as they adopt or reject what we believe to be necessary. And who can doubt, as Dr. Dalton has said, that if a Labour Government came into power to-morrow they would be compelled to increase armaments? That must govern our attitude to the present Government (whom I hold to be the worst since the days of Lord North). We may justly blame the Government for their part in bringing about the present world situation; we may criticise their panic rearmament, both in relation to its undefined objective and in relation to its extent; we must insist on the safeguarding of Trade Union standards of work; but do not let our members repeat the ghastly mistake of voting against the Estimates as a whole, with its logical implication that they would leave this country defenceless and give the dictators a free hand to pursue their adventures. Sir Stafford Cripps is aiding and abetting Herr Hitler far more effectively than Lord Londonderry.

Dr. Dalton has given a magnificent lead—clear, unambiguous, practical, statesmanlike. I trust his year of office as chairman of the National Executive will see the party regain its cohesion. A lesson can be learnt from the Government, who six months ago were the butt of every wit, but have now recovered their position—merely by doing nothing and waiting for their opponents' mistakes. Many of our members have yet to learn the virtue of restraint (generally supposed to be a prime object of an "expensive education.") If they disagree with an item of party policy, that is not necessarily a call to shout the fact from the housetops. The Tories are much more divided than we are on matters of fundamental policy, but their discipline (or self-interest) is greater. The lesson of the General Election is that the country is tired of the present incompetent Administration, but is not yet satisfied that the Labour Party is fit to form a Government. Let us, at least, do nothing to increase that dissatisfaction, but make the next conference a demonstration of party unity, instead of disunity. Dr. Dalton has done his part. It is for the rest of us to follow—or send our criticisms to him privately.

16A John Street, IVOR THOMAS
Adelphi, W.C.2.

SIR,—Sir Stafford Cripps in your last week's issue makes a strong case against Labour support for rearmament. May I put, as I think none of your correspondents have so far done, a diametrically opposite view?

Let us assume:

(1) That the immediate objective of the Labour movement, and all who sympathise with it here and elsewhere, is the defeat of international Fascism. "Immediate," because, whether we like it or not, Labour all over Europe is now on the defensive. The initiative, in the military sense, has passed to the Fascists.

(2) That Fascism, with its worship of force as a good in itself, will always possess and employ every known weapon to crush opposition.

How, in view of what has happened in Abyssinia and in Spain, can we expect the Fascist offensive to be defeated anywhere except by the use of modern weapons against it? Modern weapons and the machinery to make them evidently take a long time to manufacture. Ploughshares can no longer be beaten into swords or tanks overnight. When Sir Stafford has succeeded in establishing a united workers' government in this country, determined to fight Fascism, are the Fascist Powers likely to give him time to make jigs and gauges, let alone tanks and shells, before they strike? If not, I fear the ensuing Battle of Box Hill would prove another Lake Ashangi.

But, says Sir Stafford, the present Government, if we make these modern weapons now, is not to be trusted to use them for the purpose we wish and might even try to use them on the Fascis side. I agree. But of two risks choose the lesser. The risk of this Government remaining in power, particularly if it tries to bring Britain into alliance with the Fascist Powers, seems to me far less than that of a Left-wing government being found defenceless in face of a Fascist Europe a year or two hence. And in this respect the time-factor is on our side. All the time we are building the tanks, we can be working to secure a better government. There may be no time for tank-building when that government takes office.

I suggest, therefore, that there is no logical alternative for a sincere anti-Fascist except to acquiesce, and indeed, participate so far as he can, in the task of rearmament, while redoubling his efforts to defeat the National Government at the next election. And I believe that by doing the first of these things, he is on the whole more likely to achieve the second. The pacifist vote is numerically unimportant.

There is this further danger in a Labour boycott of rearmament and recruiting. At present there is no reason to suppose that the average soldier or sailor has Fascist inclinations. If no one of Labour views is willing to join the Army or Navy, they are obviously likely to become predominantly composed of people with right-wing views, and in the unlikely event of a civil war here, the armed forces would be ranged overwhelmingly against the workers. That would be a disaster. To prevent it, I suggest that Labour organisations, so far from discouraging recruiting, should co-operate in it. We would then at least know that, if at any time a Fascist coup with the help of the army was attempted against a future Labour Government, the bulk of the men would remain loyal. BASIL MURRAY

Ascott-under-Wychwood.

SIR,—Dr. Dalton's article on the Trade Union block vote and the local Parties' vote omits one considerable fact—that neither he nor anyone else knows what is the real Trade Union vote on any of the major resolutions passed or lost. At a crisis at the Edinburgh Conference we read of Mr. Bevin appealing for time to call together his forty fellow delegates to decide how to cast the union's vote—which would then be counted not as forty, the correct figure, but as some hundreds of thousands. Only a study of Union journals can show how many of these grotesque votes are cast after consultation of the membership; at a guess, I would say 50 per cent. The other votes are fictitious.

When a Union *has* been consulted, the usual procedure has been as follows. Say (we are being generous) 35 per cent. of the membership vote on a question, 10 being for and 25 per cent. against. The 10 per cent. are then added to the 25 per cent., the whole figure brought up to the full paying membership of the Union and the resulting forged figure cast against the motion. Some of us may remember a specially disastrous result of this trick at the time of the proposed Stockholm Conference in 1917, but it is surely enough to point out that the older established Unions have fought this practice within their ranks frequently. The Plumbers, for example, actually expelled their most powerful branch (Manchester) from the Union altogether for persistently casting its full registered vote on every proposition and failing to reply to questions on whether all members were present and all were unanimous. This behaviour was regarded as a common fraud, and I cannot see myself anything unfair in that description. A return to democratic methods by a party which calls itself democratic might restore the confidence for which Dr. Dalton is calling. RAYMOND POSTGATE

45 Hendon Lane, London, N. 3.

A PEOPLE'S FRONT

SIR,—For the sake of Europe and for the sake of our fellow citizens in Britain—a Government that shall be active in defence of democracy at home and abroad and vigorous in pursuit of the economic well-being of the people must be put into power. If this is to be accomplished speedily a People's Front—that is to say, close knit and determined unity between all democratic and progressive forces must be built up.

The response to our previous letter confirms our view that men and women of many political parties and of none realise that there is little time to be lost. The opening meeting at Conway Hall indicated the enthusiasm ready to be harnessed to such a cause.

Will NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers help? The Campaign needs (1) £500 for the first quarter of 1937, and £2,000 to equip caravans to tour the countryside in spring and summer with films, pictures, pamphlets, music and speakers. (2) Eight

cheques of £25 (or smaller cheques to an equivalent amount) to carry on to the end of the year. (3) Writers to write pamphlets. (4) Young persons to sell them in the streets. (5) Women to sew banners and slogans to decorate halls. (6) Artist designers, printers to produce posters and pamphlet covers and envelope stickers. (7) Voluntary office and secretarial workers. (8) Speakers. (9) Women to organise women's meetings. (10) Young persons to organise Youth meetings. (11) Musicians and poets to write songs for the people. (12) Film artists and technicians and others to produce and show films for the people throughout the country.

J. V. DELAHAYE, LT.-COL.

People's Front Committee,
37 Bedford Square, W.C.1.

CIVIL LIBERTIES

SIR,—As early as 1934 the National Council for Civil Liberties, by its campaign against the passing of the Sedition Bill and by the support it received from people of all parties and of none, established its reputation as the organisation most actively concerned in the defence of our civil liberties and the right of free speech.

During the last two years, the Council has greatly extended the scope of its work. It has saved the miniature non-commercial film from virtual extinction, defended cases of civil rights in the courts, organised Vigilance Committees, set up Commissions of Inquiry to investigate conditions in Northern Ireland under the Special Powers Act, and the circumstances that led to a baton-charge by mounted police in Kensington this year. But in addition to these major activities, which are no doubt familiar to your readers, the Council is constantly being called upon to intervene in the increasing number of cases in all parts of the country where encroachments are being made or attempted upon our fundamental civil rights. Such has been the part played by the Council in resisting these encroachments by propaganda and legal action in the courts, that organisations and individuals have become accustomed to communicate at once with the Council and to ask for help in organising resistance.

The Council is proud to think that its work should have deserved such widespread confidence, but we feel that some of those whose first thought is to invite its advice and help little realise what a strain is thereby placed upon its slender financial resources. In many cases the Council is called upon to provide legal assistance or to fight test actions at law, the cost of which may run into considerable sums.

The Council's income is derived solely from the subscriptions and donations of its members, but the issues which it is defending are the concern of all progressive people. We therefore appeal to all who value our democratic liberties to join the Council as associate members and so support it in the important work with which it is faced.

Signed: H. W. NEVINSON (President)
M. CORBETT ASHBY
J. B. PRIESTLEY
H. R. L. SHEPPARD
RONALD KIDD (Secretary)

The National Council for Civil Liberties,
99a Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

FASCIST TACTICS

SIR,—We had understood that Sir Oswald Mosley has frequently and publicly stated that, unlike their opponents, members of the British Union of Fascists did not practise organised interruption of public meetings, nor did they break them up. We must now conclude either that Sir Oswald Mosley has been incorrectly informed of the activities of his supporters, or else that he has issued new orders to them.

At a meeting organised by the Poplar Peace Council, at Bow Baths, Roman Road, E., on November 1st, in aid of the Spanish Medical Aid Committee, our speeches and appeals were consistently and violently interrupted by a section of the audience which, although not in Blackshirt uniform, expressed their allegiance to Mosley by shouting his slogans and by giving the Fascist salute.

In particular, references to the sufferings of British wounded during the late war were greeted with laughter and jeers.

Owing to the restraint imposed on the orderly section of the meeting by the Chairman, no attempts at ejection were made, but we have little doubt that, had the stewards been asked to remove the interrupters, free fights would have ensued, and the meeting would have been broken up.

When the Chairman requested that written questions be sent up to the platform, the Blackshirts produced three of these—of unparalleled inanity—written on sheets of lavatory paper.

A statement by one of us that the Fascist doctor in the village of Grañen, where the British Medical Aid Committee's hospital is established, had joined the Spanish rebels, leaving his civilian patients to be cared for by the English doctors and nurses with the Unit, was challenged. In reply an offer was made that if the challenger left his name and address with the speaker, the statement would be confirmed in writing from Grañen. The name and address of the challenger were not given.

As the Blackshirts consistently claim the British right of free speech, we should be interested to know whether their behaviour at this meeting may be taken as a precedent for future occasions.

54 Fitzroy Road, (Prof.) J. R. MARRACK, D.S.O., M.C.
Primrose Hill, (Prof.) J. B. S. HALDANE, F.R.S.
N.W.1. CHARLOTTE HALDANE

"Q." CAMP

SIR,—We make this appeal to your wide circle of readers who are concerned with the fundamental need to make a saner society. In no sphere do static unscientific and ineffectual attitudes predominate more than in the treatment of the unstable offender, or slightly abnormal "misfit."

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The basic feature is the evocation of authority from among the members themselves, through the medium of a Camp Council. This it is hoped will teach the essentials of group co-operation and individual responsibility as no mere conformity to discipline can do. There have been no punishments, and within reason no prohibitions except those decided by the Camp Council. This appears to be working remarkably well.

Our sword of Damocles is finance. We are not at present eligible for public grants, though the minimum payment of 15s. per week is in some cases being paid by public bodies. We hope this source of income will increase, but meanwhile we are dependent on public-spirited people. We have had an encouraging though damp summer and don't want to go down before the inevitably increased winter expenditure.

We believe our experiment to be of value in the present system, as filling a vital gap, and potentially of much more under a just social system which would replace a penal code by constructive methods.

Our backs are to the wall! Will your readers help? Further information will gladly be supplied by the Hon. Sec. "Q. Camp," 31 Alfred Place, W.C.1. to whom contributions should be sent.

NORMAN GLAISTER
(Chairman, Finance Committee.)

PRINCE OF ROBBERS

SIR,—I should like to thank your reviewer for his very kind notice of my book, *Jonathan Wild: Prince of Robbers*, but may I point out, in case your readers should think me somewhat eccentric in the choice of a title, that "Rotters" should have read "Robbers," both in the heading and in the notice itself. You will not, I trust, think me ungracious if I suggest that "Prince of Rotters" for "Prince of Robbers" is a misprint worthy of your own "This England"!

79 Linden Gardens, FREDERICK J. LYONS
London, W.2.

NOVEMBER 11th, 1936

"I must look my best to-day!"

Drawn by ARTHUR WRAGG

Miscellany

THE BUSCH AND OTHER CONCERTS

MUCH the most interesting concerts during the past month have been those given by Adolf Busch and his fellow musicians at the Queen's Hall, starting with a Brahms' chamber music concert, then two concerts devoted to Bach's Brandenburg concertos and a final concert at which four of Bach's overtures or suites were performed. Before discussing these concerts I want to say something about the pianist, Rudolf Serkin, who is always associated with Mr. Busch, and also about another pianist, Iturbi, who played and conducted at the first of the Courtauld-Sargent concerts this season and also gave a recital at the Queen's Hall.

Rudolf Serkin and Iturbi have both had great success in America, where, as everybody knows, there is an enormous and highly subsidised musical activity whose ups and downs in quality rival even the financial vicissitudes in that great country of extremes. The success of Iturbi is not surprising for he is a very capable pianist, a virtuoso, although not in my opinion even a virtuoso of the highest rank, and he is not profound enough to offer any difficulties of comprehension nor a sufficiently strong personality to arouse dislike, misunderstanding and even hostility as Busoni and Schnabel have often done. The case of Serkin is both different and more interesting. When I read the notices of the most prominent American critics in the New York papers about Serkin I would have been knocked silly with astonishment had it been possible for me to be astonished any longer at such things. Their praise was as unlimited and enthusiastic as Mr. Neville Cardus's once was in the *Manchester Guardian* about Horowitz, when Horowitz first burst upon Manchester ears with all the speed and brilliance of which that remarkable pianist is capable. One would have thought reading the New York critics—as one would reading Mr. Cardus about Horowitz—that in Serkin they had been hearing one of the greatest pianists of the age. But, surely, this is extremely excessive, just as Mr. Cardus's praise of Horowitz was excessive, or, at any rate, expressed in too general terms. However, I thought that I must listen to Mr. Serkin again, and I have been doing so at these Busch concerts. He also played the Schumann concerto at the Queen's Hall, and this was very revealing.

It seems to me that although Iturbi is, on the whole, a dull player whose mind is often inactive in his finger-tips, Serkin has a certain exciting quality at times. On the other hand, he can be both restless and mechanical—a rather odd combination! He lacks power, massiveness and that breadth of conception and composure needed for the greatest playing, but also he is often surprisingly insensitive, and his playing of the Schumann Concerto lacked the delicacy and charm which one might have expected from a player who has not either grandeur or depth. On the other hand, he has many pianistic and musical virtues, and these are foremost and heard at their best when he is playing in combination with Adolf Busch or the Busch Quartet.

I have long had the greatest respect for Adolf Busch as a musician and much admired his violin playing. But a personal bias towards virtuosity in all instrumental players (and also in singers, which makes me admire Tauber more than many people think I should) makes me occasionally a rather carping critic of his playing. Busch has sometimes played with a lack of ease and an imperfect beauty of tone which, from the purely fiddling point of view, was open to criticism. This, for example, is a point where Casals excels, and one expects a great violinist to possess the same command of sheer beauty of tone as is possessed by Casals. Or, if he has not this, one expects the wizardry of a Paganini or the witchery of a Kreisler. Busch has none of these things although in respect of beauty of tone he achieves it more and more. But as an artist and musician he is magnificent, and it will be a long time before I forget the wonderful performance given by him of the Brahms' A Major Sonata Op. 100 at the Queen's Hall. Here we had fine music played as it should be played by genuine artists, each a master of his instrument, in perfect collaboration, completely devoted to the work in hand, without any vanity or display.

In the Brandenburg concertos Mr. Busch, Mr. Serkin and their colleagues have given a series of superb performances arising on occasion to such a high level that one must hope that Mr. Busch will retain this combination of instrumentalists and give us a series of these concerts every year in London, when we may expect an even higher degree of collaboration and more complete realisation of the players' musical ambitions than we have heard this season. For it is not impossible to make certain criticisms of these performances, much superior as they have been to any performances of the Brandenburg concertos we are accustomed to hear at the Queen's Hall. The performances do not always avoid being mechanical, although we never get the effect of a congregation of sewing machines such as has been known to occur on other occasions; also the balance is not always as satisfactory as it might be, but the performance of the B flat major concerto (No. 6) was exemplary in this respect. This concerto has a specially strong appeal to me and the combination of five first and five second violas with four violas da gamba (two first, two second), one violoncello, one double-bass and pianoforte contiano seemed to me perfect. Here I should add that every time these concertos are performed we hear some pseudo-antiquarian nonsense about the wrongness of using the modern pianoforte for Bach's music. Creative musicians have always been primarily concerned with tones and have written music, not material for demonstrating the historical deficiences of any particular instrument. At times Mr. Serkin blended his pianoforte perfectly into the ensemble during these concerts, at other times not so perfectly, but the fault—when there was a fault—was the player's and not the instrument's.

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With regard to the F major concerto (No. 2) for trumpet, flute, oboe, violin, strings and cembalo we may ask ourselves whether Bach could really have intended the trumpet part to sound so shrilly. Leaving aside the question of the difference between the trumpet of Bach's day and our modern instrument and the capacity of the player (and I don't think Mr. George Eskdale's is in question), there is the matter of pitch. We are informed by authorities that during the classical period the pitch was roughly A = from 415 to 429 vibrations, whereas the present European pitch is fixed at A = 435 at 59° Fahr. During the nineteenth century the pitch had gone up even higher, but since it takes about 28 vibrations to make the difference of about one semitone it is doubtful whether there is as much as a semitone between the pitch of Bach's day and our own. Would this make an appreciable difference? It would be interesting to hear an expert trumpet player on this subject.

W. J. TURNER

HENRY MOORE

MR. HENRY MOORE'S exhibition of sculpture and drawings, opened at the Leicester Galleries last Saturday. A fashionable purism where sculpture is concerned sets carving incomparably higher than modelling. So that since the Epstein who carved the figures in the Strand has, like them, disappeared, and since Mr. Dobson, too, devotes himself more and more to modelling, Mr. Moore occupies in this country a unique position. In the past much of the best sculpture has not in fact been carving. Chinese, Greek, and Renaissance bronzes and terra-cottas make absurd the claims of carving to a monopoly. Even to-day, the most distinguished living sculptor, Maillol, models as well as carves. But among English carvers, it is Mr. Moore who has the most expressive drills, and the most eloquent chisels. Of all those who are united by having small use for representation and a strong feeling for materials, he is the most whole-hearted in attempts to bring about some accord between his "emotional apprehension of forms" and what the carver obscurely feels to be the "meaning" of the lump on which he works. The gentle protuberances and hollows which are the variable element in his phrenological art he carves with wonderful sureness; his innovations are thoughtful; his works are as diverse in detail as they are uniform in direction. His drawings alone would prove him an artist of great taste and sensibility.

Years ago, when first one climbed the grandiloquent stairs of Burlington House, the sculpture rooms above all others were a dead bore. Calder Marshall, Reid Dick, and the others were talented men and (though it turned out that some of them were wicked enough to send their work to Italy to be carved) it is to be supposed that they tried hard. The white marble nymphs and the pink sandstone statesmen posed indifferently about—devitalised by centuries of inbreeding. Academic sculpture wallowed in sentimentality, but it had this great quality, that it was an heir, however effete and even illiterate, to the European tradition, and if any Academician had shown the carving ability or the taste of Mr. Moore, all might have been well. But they were content to concentrate on literary aspects. They failed, and the revolution came.

The reaction against nineteenth-century feebleness was to revitalise the tradition by introducing outside influences. Mr. Moore's reaction has gone beyond this and has become, not a mere stimulant, but an end in itself. Gradually he has put the anthropocentric basis of sculpture behind him; he has discarded his humanist heritage, and, in his most recent works, he has attempted, by the importation of cruel rhythms from the Chinese and the Maya, to make the stones significant in themselves. Sculpture under his private self-denying ordinances must be almost the most difficult of the arts. The only rules are prohibitions; no representational considerations are allowed to feed his roving imagination. Stone is a hopelessly unfluid medium; colour is banned and mistakes are irremediable. Its appreciation, too, is too purely private an affair. The artist, like the man who tries to cross the Atlantic in a barrel, can fairly be judged by what he attempts. First one must know what he is attempting. Then one may say that Henry Moore is successful—he has, in each case, reduced his block to intelligible and not over-simple forms. But by more catholic standards—the standards by which the Royal Academy sculptors were found narrow—these same forms are so much plastic gibberish. Tall or square, round, holed or flat, the fossilized results of the sculptor's struggles to keep within the boundaries of his private game can only be of interest to specially sympathetic observers. For most of us the appreciation of sculpture has still an anthopocentric foundation, and we would still rather see the travertine bullied by Donatello than caressed by Moore. We have allowed machines to become our masters instead of our slaves—is it necessary or desirable to humble ourselves similarly before igneous, magnesian or oolitic rocks?

GRAHAM BELL

GREEK DRAMA

THE Group Theatre struggling against the odds of rehearsing a play for two performances only, is in the position of the orchestra in which substitutes appear at rehearsals for the principal players, with the difference that the orchestral players are, as a rule, familiar with their music. The Group Theatre is dealing with new material. To play *The Agamemnon* without *The Choephoroe* or *the Eumenides* is to play the first act of *Macbeth* by itself. Mr. Louis MacNeice has endeavoured to get over this difficulty to some extent by introducing at the end the first chorus from *The Choephoroe* as a hint, for those who do not know the story, that what he gives us is only one episode in the drama. This does, indeed, help in eliminating the feeling of suspended action that this somewhat truncated version gives. For Mr. MacNeice has had to cut down the play a certain amount and some of the overwhelming effect of the original is no doubt due to the length and weight of the sonorous periods. His version (Faber and Faber, 5s.) is simpler in its language and more direct than Aeschylus'—he has succeeded in a great measure in bringing the words into more modern idiom. There is nothing here of "the period piece" and there is much to be admired in the result. Often it is very beautiful.

> And if one were to tell of the bird-destroying winter
> Intolerable from the snows of Ida
> Or of the heat, when the sea slackens at noon
> Waveless and dozing in a depressed calm.

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But it has none of the savage beat of the rich original in such a line as

ἔκρυπτ' ἄνωθεν ἀνδρακας καθήμενος

In his treatment of the play for the modern stage Mr. MacNeice has occasionally split up the speeches and given lines, where they do not belong, notably in the case of Cassandra's final exit. No doubt he wished the drama to be less static, but here I think the effect is considerably lessened by giving the end of her great utterance to the leader of the chorus. I found his simpler lyric treatment of the chorus lines very effective and the utterance of the individual strophes by a group of tuxedoed men was admirable with its variety of volume produced, as in *Murder in the Cathedral*, by frequent alteration of the number of speakers. Their appearance in dinner-jackets was intended to bridge the gulf between the audience and the players, but their importance in the play is really that they are the supporters of Agamemnon and this point was rather missed in this production. I did not myself like the dances, which were both calisthenic and complicated, nor did I care very much for the music, assisted by gramophone records or someone reciting to a loudspeaker in the original Greek. The grouping was effective, the lighting simple, and Mr. Medley's dresses were often beautiful in line, particularly Clytemnestra's, though he favours emeralds, violets and purples in shades, which recall the semi-precious stones and enamels used by the craftsmen-jeweller. I did not quite appreciate Agamemnon's Timurid flavour and there were fleeting reminiscences of the Chushing era, the Statue of Liberty and the soldiers who guard Lenin's tomb, but the general effect was good and, what is more important, personal.

Neither of the protagonists was particularly good. Mr. Speaight, despite his lovely voice, was too liturgical for the warrior-king and Miss Veronica Turleigh, despite her beauty, did not suggest anything of the vicious wickedness of which Anna Mildenburg was the great exponent. The Herald, Mr. Francis James, spoke his lines beautifully, and Miss Vivienne Bennett in the extremely difficult part of Cassandra managed to convey most movingly the horror of one possessed of a power she cannot control. Hers was the outstanding thing of the evening and, if for no other reason, the other performance of this play on November 8th is worth a visit. But, though this is not the real Aeschylus—and it is not intended to be—it remains a very gallant effort to show us something of the beauty which is essential in Greek drama and which is so difficult at this distance of time to capture. Certain details in the production are tiresome but its chief failure is that the cumulative effect of the chorus becomes boring.

LEIGH ASHTON

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Big Broadcast of 1937," at the Plaza

Like those magazines which appear each month dated, confusingly, a month ahead, as if never to let Time catch up with them, this film presumably lets you into the radio secrets of next year. Film critics, however, as opposed to authors of books on the cinema, are insensitive to the passage of time; consequently our impression was that the camera's latest glorification of the microphone was pretty similar to the bright but slightly sardonic compliments it has paid this rival form of entertainment in the past. There may have been something up to date and novel, if not strictly 1937, in the dance band being a "swing" band and in giving culture the arc-lights with the awed featuring of Leopold Stokowski and his Symphony Orchestra on the ether as an advertisement for Platt's Golf Balls; but there, more or less, the difference ends. The jokes were fresh, of course; there were plenty of caustic witticisms for Jack Benny to bite off, like the tip of a cigar; the determined Bob Burns had some excellent folk-lore fun to put across (he did it very well); and Gracie Allen, irresistibly idiotic as ever, was given all that tangled line of nonsense with which—exasperating "little woman"—she does her inane Indian rope trick. If she were not incomparable, we should say that she is very nearly as funny as Zasu Pitts. She is pretty, too—not quite as comely as the members of a particularly trim chorus, but easier to look at than either of the ladies who sang. That should not surprise anyone—even them—because the human physiognomy in the throes of song, or under the strain of crooning, is about as awkward to watch as a cart-horse struggling to its feet after a fall. Big Broadcast films show us some of the dangers of television. This one raised our hopes by skimming, at first, very close to parody. After that, it had several dull moments, a dash of good trick photography, some snappy music, three distinct lines of humour from three very droll comedians, more gaiety than you'd expect from Platt's Golf Balls, and another couple of dull moments, just to keep up the illusion that this really was visible radio.

The Dresden Opera Co. at Covent Garden

The short season of the Dresden Opera Co. at Covent Garden began last Monday with an excellent performance of Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*. The Dresden Co. not only brought its own singers, orchestra and conductor, but also its chorus and scenery and the consequence was we had a performance which in general ensemble was one of the very best if not the best that has ever been given in London. The principals also were of high quality, and there was not a single weak member of the cast. The Marschallin of Marta Fuchs was a refined and dignified representation; Marta Rohs' Octavian looked less like a girl ineffectively disguised than any Octavian we have had at Covent Garden and also sang well; the Sophie of Maria Cebotari was perfectly delightful in every respect and the occasional slight tremolo in her voice may have been due to nervousness. For Londoners the part of Baron Ochs is inseparable from the memory of Richard Mayr but Ludwig Ermold gave us far more singing than Mayr ever did and also proved himself to be an excellent actor. Richard Strauss himself appeared with the conductor, Karl Böhm, at the end of the second act and was obviously as satisfied with the performance as was the enthusiastic audience. The opera is much improved by restoring the passages which are usually cut at Covent Garden but which spoil the dramatic sequence and diminish the effectiveness of the second act materially.

THE COMING WEEK

SUNDAY, November 8th—
- Prof. H. Levy on "The Crime of Being a Jew," Conway Hall, 11.
- Emile Burns on "A People's Front for Britain," 153, Finchley Road, N.W., 6.15.
- J. F. Horrabin on "Have We Betrayed Spanish Democracy?" Willoughby Hall, Willoughby Road, N.W., 8.

MONDAY, November 9th—
- British Puppet and Model Theatre Guild Exhibition, Guild Rooms, The George Inn, 77 Borough High Street, S.E.1. Till Nov. 14th, 2–7 each day, Tues. and Thurs. till 10.
- Lord Lytton and Dr. Gilbert Murray on "Peace," Kensington Town Hall, 8.
- Institute of Psycho-Analysis. Professor J. C. Flugel on "Examinations," Caxton Hall, 8.30.
- "Merlusse," Everyman Cinema, Hampstead.

TUESDAY, November 10th—
- Canon S. D. Morris on "The Peace Pledge Union in London," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- Dr. Pryns Hopkins on "Causes of Opposition to Sexual Freedom," Suffolk Galleries, Suffolk Street, 8.
- C. A. Macartney on "Central Europe," Morley College, 8.
- The Next Step in Religion. Gerald Heard on "Immediate Applications," Besant Hall, Rodmarton Mews, off King Street, Baker Street, 8.
- P. Noel Baker and G. Carritt on "Youth Unites for Peace," Kingsway Hall, 8.
- "As You Like It," Old Vic.

WEDNESDAY, November 11th—
- Council of Christian Pacifist Groups, George Lansbury, Eric Gill, Canon H. R. L. Sheppard and others on "Christ and Peace," Kingsway Hall, 7.30.
- Prof. H. Levy on "What is Scientific Planning," Conway Hall, 8.

THURSDAY, November 12th—
- Roy Calvert Memorial Lecture. Rev. James Barr on "Capital Punishment from the Christian Standpoint," Livingstone Hall, Broadway, S.W., 5.45.
- Mrs. Stella Churchill on "Public Health," Morley College, 7.30.
- Vyvyan Adams on "Pacifism or Peace," Methodist Church Hall, Gwendolen Avenue, Upper Richmond Road, Putney, 8.
- Royal Philharmonic Society, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
- "The Children's Hour," Gate Theatre.
- Sir Arthur Salter on "Economic Nationalism. Can It Continue," Friends Hall, Euston Road, 8.30.

SATURDAY, November 14th—
- For Spanish Medical Aid. Programme of Dance, Music and Sketches. Betty Langdon, assisted by a supporting company and compèred by John Langdon-Davies, Phoenix Theatre, 8.45.

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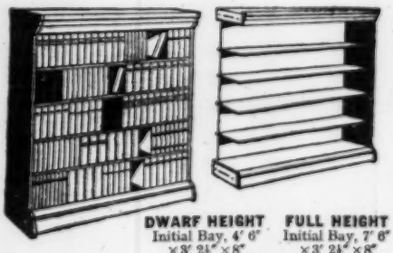

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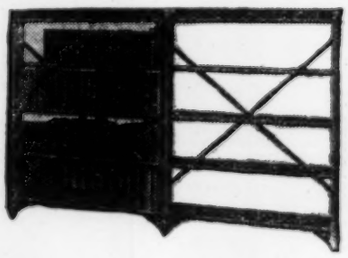

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MACMILLAN

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LETTER TO A YOUNG REVIEWER

DEAR X,

I hear you are thinking of earning a living as a "free-lance," which means, I suppose, in your case, earning it by reviewing books for different papers and magazines. I think you are sensible, since you will come into a little money before you are forty, and Aunt Agatha will always pay doctors' and dentists' bills and—at a pinch—I should think, your rent. As you know, I am a reviewer, and for a good many years in succession, at different times, I have been an editor. Thus I have been both a producer and consumer of reviews, so my advice ought to be of some use: first of all, be invariably kind to Aunt Agatha. And remember, from time to time, that when you are behaving in a manner which appears to you quite extraordinarily unselfish, you are striking others as merely decently considerate. But I can't go into that. What I want to say, first, is that you have chosen an extraordinarily pleasant occupation. It would therefore be exorbitant on your part to expect to be better paid for it than, say, a dustman. (Be fair!) You can't expect, at first at any rate, to be richly rewarded for improving your own mind and airing your own opinions.

Reviewing books is so pleasant an occupation that it is heavily black-legged. That is one of the drawbacks to it as a profession against which we professionals have to contend. The world is full of well-informed, clever, well-off people who are only too glad to review books they are interested in; and the richer they are, the more delighted they are at getting a book for nothing. They are naturally able to spend more time, too, on writing carefully than we can who are dependent on doing a lot of work. Fortunately, few editors know how to lay hands on them. But some do. I remember a story going about Fleet Street that time when Northcliffe bought the *Times*. He was rather jealous of the prosperity of the *Times Literary Supplement*, which was flourishing without employing any of the journalistic devices of which he himself was a master. He sent for Mr. Bruce Richmond, as he then was (whom I hope you recognise as one of the chief props of our civilisation, and without whom our cultural standards would have slumped worse than they have), and in the course of enquiries into the mysterious success of "the Lit. Sup.," Northcliffe said: "I suppose you have a staff of about twelve reviewers." "No," was the reply, "I should say it was over three hundred." Fortunately for us, few editors have the industrious discrimination to assemble such a wide-flung connection. When an editor turns over the leaves of a new book wondering whom to send it to, a few names start swimming round in his head like goldfish in a bowl of water. How to become one of those fish is the problem before you.

Now, it is obvious that we professional reviewers cannot compete with the specialist on his own subject, nor ought we to be allowed to try when the book is a learned one—though we are constantly permitted to do so. But we can beat the amateur by knowing our job better. Reviewing is a craft which can be learnt. The black-leg, though he has superior leisure and often superior knowledge of a subject, is usually handicapped by his vanity. As a reviewer he writes to please himself or (probably worse) to win the approbation of his friends. He will often get hold of some side-point which will appeal to them, or which interests himself particularly, because no one else will notice it. Or he will praise a book not because *it* has given him pleasure, but because he has enjoyed reviewing it. Steal a march on him there; get your vanity under control. Don't extirpate it—Heavens no!—vanity is the sustaining impulse behind all good writing. It will make a man take pains for which he will get little credit for fear *somebody* will notice what a slovenly ass he is. But keep a sharp look-out to see that your vanity is not pushing you into showing what a brilliant or good fellow you are at the expense of attending to your job, which is to inform the public what the book is about, where the author has succeeded and where he has failed in carrying out his intentions, and whether those intentions were sensible or foolish. Recall what happens at a public dinner or a meeting. Speaker after speaker gets up and spends most of the short time allotted to him in explaining that he is a good fellow, which we were quite ready to take for granted. He feels honoured and embarrassed by having been asked to address the company, etc., etc. Reviewers do not usually indulge in self-depreciation, but the principle is the same: go straight to the point, avoid preambles—even those which expound your approach. It is never waste of time to put down on paper what you think of the general principles involved in your criticism of a particular book. Go on, go on, but when you reach the words "and in the case of Mr. So-and-so's book," scratch out all you have written up till then. Your point of view will emerge in your comments, or if you are still uneasy about that, you will be able after writing that scrapped preamble to introduce one or two sentences by the way which will give the reader the necessary clue. As you acquire more practice the amount of introductory matter you will have to scrap will become shorter and shorter, till at last you get the habit of coming straight to the point. If your editor is helpful, he will cut what you had not the heart to sacrifice yourself.

I should not dream of giving hints about reviewing a book on some subject which comes home to you, on which you have felt and thought deeply. I trust your instinct there. But it is only now and then that such a book will come your way as a professional reviewer. There are not many of them in any case, are there? I am thinking of all the books on which you will have to pass judgment without being more than barely interested yourself, and in which you are perhaps interested only because you are ignorant of what has been written before. The first question to ask yourself is: "Was this book wanted?" Secondly, suppose it was, "Is it important?" "Does it contribute anything new?" If it is a biography, "Is there any new matter in it?" "Is it a new interpretation?" These are questions which you can't answer if it is the only book you have read on that subject. What is to be done? Well, you must get some idea of what work has already been done on it. It will pay you to spend at least a third of the time you can devote to the book itself in looking up earlier books on the same subject. You must belong to the London Library or haunt a public library. You will be astonished how quickly you can get a notion whether the book in question is only a rehash, and of the ability of the author, too, by comparing his handling of even a single episode with its treatment by other hands. If you really have no time to make yourself independent of the book itself, then there is only one thing to do. To say that it is amusing or interesting or neither amusing nor interesting to a reader who comes fresh to the subject. Then you will be deceiving nobody. People who know more than you will take your praise with a grain of salt, and wait till they hear more about the book before buying it. The reason reviewers over-praise poor books is that they will not take the trouble to compare them. They say that a biographer or historian is "vivid," "penetrating," "brilliant," "profound," when all they mean is that they have found him pleasant

reading. Stick to those mild phrases like "pleasant reading" if you are not in a position to judge a book. You won't then be injuring authors who deserve much more to be read, but are not, because their books were written some time ago. It is quite easy to write an agreeable review of a trifling book without praising it up to the skies. The currency of praise is horribly debased to-day.

You must learn two ways of reading: one is for information and the other is to detect the finer qualities of a book. You should always give an author a chance by reading a few pages aloud to yourself, that is making every word sound in your head as you read and noticing if they do their proper work. If you find the author hasn't cared how he has expressed himself as long as his general meaning is conveyed, that his pages are full of dead wood and stock-phrases, turn on the other gear, rush through, taking sentences in with the eye. Get at his drift, say what you think is the value of that and add that his book is not worth reading slowly. Fiction, alas, cannot be securely judged by that method, for a novel may be good and badly written, and it may be bad and extremely well written. It is contrary to the practice of many of our craft, but a novel ought to be read from beginning to end or chucked away by the reviewer after the first few pages. At this moment I am three-quarters of the way through a novel, but I haven't the smallest idea whether it is a good one or not. Everything depends on the author's attitude towards what has already happened when he comes to wind it up. It is full of foolishness and insight, but whether the author sets most store by his insight or his foolishness I shan't know till I have finished his novel.

Poetry? Ah, poetry is extremely difficult to review. Temperate praise of poetry sounds like damaging criticism, for the simple reason that poetry ought to move us. There is no "golden mean," as Landor remarked, "in poetry. Mediocrity there is of a different metal." And yet you will be compelled perhaps to read a good deal of mediocre poetry. The reason why revolutionary poetry gets much more notice than traditional is that it at least gives the reviewer something to talk about, not that it is any better. If you are sent a volume of verse read it through, ticking the poems which please you. Then select two of those you have marked and read them through several times; attentively, to see if every touch in them contributes to the general effect, receptively, as though the mood the poem expresses was your own. You may find your estimation of it going up. So far so good. Then read, in the same way, one of those which you are pretty sure is worthless. If, again, you find yourself thinking more of that poem, be on your guard. You are probably in too receptive a condition. Try reading some other poet more or less like the poet you are criticising, but one whom you are certain you admire. You will probably recover your balance. Define the mood which a poet expresses best; quote to illustrate that mood; don't only quote stray lines which please you, they may not be characteristic. And if you want to praise him, don't say, "Mr. Arthur Visp in his long poem has not made the mistake that Keats made in *Endymion* . . ." Say simply, Mr. Arthur Visp has "not made the mistake"—whatever the mistake may be, which he has not made. I know the first way of putting it will give Mr. Visp more pleasure, but that is not the main consideration. With regard to reviewing reprints of famous poets, crib freely from the best critics. Don't think that people do not enjoy good comments in quotation marks. What they want is something worth reading; if you can't supply it, take it from someone else. Your readers will be just as grateful and oddly enough you will often get credit for it. I have been enthusiastically praised for an article which was practically quotation from beginning to end. I didn't enjoy the praise much, but it was better than nothing.

With regard to quotation from the book reviewed. Only quote to illustrate points. If you can make your point without quotation, do so—unless it is a damaging one. Then you had better substantiate. Be laconic wherever it is possible. Don't waste time in manoeuvring for easy transitions. In a review the reader is rather grateful for a jerky style. He feels you are trying to tell him as much as possible as quickly as possible. But don't go on repeating yourself tersely. Never, even in a long review, say the same thing more than twice. Start your career with shorter notices. The editor will be pleased with your modesty, and they are the best practice of all. To describe a book, its limitations and achievement in two or three hundred words is an art worthy of the highest respect. And, by the by, when you present yourself to an editor and he asks you what you can review, don't reel off like a lift-boy at a general store, "Biography, History, Criticism, Travel, Essays, Poetry, Fiction." Pose as a specialist in one or two directions, and then, as I said before, go to the London Library or some public library and make yourself at least a colourable imitation of one *pro tem.*

Yours sympathetically (on that condition),

Desmond MacCarthy

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Mr. Alfred Noyes has made it, in some respects, so well that one feels a possibly excessive annoyance that he has not done it better. He tells the tale as it should be told, with zest and abandonment, though there are some odd omissions and simplifications. He writes an admirable prose, as all poets do. His few metrical translations of Voltaire's occasional verse are so graceful that one wishes he had given us more of them. He is not hampered by Morley's Victorian prudery, and can relish the fun of *La Pucelle*. He admires Voltaire the poet so wholeheartedly that he is enthusiastic even over the tragedies, which most of us in these days read with a yawn, for with all their technical skill, alike in the stage-craft and the versification, they seem to spring from no spontaneous emotion and no personal experience. They were too often competitive exercises, designed to do better what the Greeks, or Corneille or Crébillon had done before him. The one certain exception is the play about the Incas, *Alzire*, which vibrates with life, in spite of its conventional limitations, because it throbs with the emotion that always roused Voltaire to do his best—his hatred of cruelty. Mr. Noyes so far agrees, that for other reasons he rates this play as Voltaire's best. But about the plays it may be that we are all wrong, and that Goethe who took the trouble to translate *Tancred* was in the right of it. Again, one is grateful to Mr. Noyes for his doughty thrusts at Voltaire's detractors, notably Carlyle. Finally, one welcomes this book for the best of all reasons: its author loves Voltaire. Everyone, in a sense, admires him: for that it is enough that one should read *Candide*. Only the ignorant fail to perceive that in this frail body Nature packed an intellectual dynamo that might have rendered a dozen men famous and useful in their several ways to mankind. But love comes slowly. The brilliance of the youth dazzles without attract-

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ing us. The man of middle age is by turns worker and courtier: it is only the former whom we can respect. Always he was a generous and constant friend, but it is only after the flight from Berlin that he mellows in the free air of Switzerland, and develops (while his wit still flashes) a certain tenderness, a pity for mankind, a gentle yet fearless humanity that endears him to us, as it endeared him to his peasants and his colony of refugees. Spend a year or two in his company, with his letters, his verses, and his tales as well as the great histories. You will know, with Desnoiresterres' help, all that the enemy can say against him. You may even be able to catalogue his rather numerous lies, and his occasional lapses into cowardice and vengeful malice. Of few notable men in any age do we know so much, not even of Goethe. In the long run, if we live intimately with him, there will grow in us, unless we are rabid conservatives or hard-shell fundamentalists, a deep affection that embraces the old man, while we still venerate the greatest artist who ever used language as his tool. We even end, knowing all his faults and weaknesses, by accepting Condorcet's verdict:

> If virtue consists in doing good and in loving mankind with passion, what man has had more virtue?

Mr. Noyes has this love for Voltaire, and it prompted him to write this book.

It is not difficult, given some intimacy, to love Voltaire, if one shares his rationalist outlook. For in that case his wit does not hurt: rather it gives us a vicarious sense of triumph. We like to watch him crushing "the infamous thing." But Mr. Noyes has achieved affection in spite of the fact that he is himself a liberal Catholic. For this reason his book is the most singular, and in some respects the most interesting, tribute ever paid to Voltaire. Through sixty years of incessant activity this man used his wit, his learning and his unique gift of persuasion, in verses, histories and pamphlets to undermine all revealed religion and to break the power of the Church. Yet it is possible for Mr. Noyes to write his book round the central theme that Voltaire's was a profoundly religious mind. The jests, the vastly amusing dissection of miracles, the scathing history of the Councils and the Papacy, the terrible chapters that relate with insatiable rage all the ill that dogmatic religion has wrought on our earth from Constantine's day to that of Louis XIV—all this was aimed not at Christianity, nor yet at the Catholic church, but only at the pedants and the fanatics who disgraced them both. Mr. Noyes is doubtless right when he says that *l'infâme* was not Christianity, or even the Catholic Church. It was specifically "theocracy," the secular power of the Church—the power that could persecute, the power that tortured Calas, and flung into the flames the severed head of young De la Barre with Voltaire's Philosophic Dictionary after it. It is no less true that Voltaire was ardently sincere in his Deism, and in his faith in "Natural Religion." Towards the end of his life he came to believe quite firmly in a god who somehow (he did not know how) rewards and punishes. But to the end he totally rejected the Incarnation: he denied any revelation: he doubted and on the whole denied the immortality of the soul: he depicted the Church built on dogma and authority as the most sinister force in history. To say of this man: "There were many minor points of Church doctrine and a few major points which he could not honestly say he believed" (p. 320) is an eccentric distortion. The only "major point" that he accepted was the Golden Rule, common (as he argued) to all religions. Mr. Noyes spends many pages in describing his "retreat" in the Benedictine monastery of Senones, which had a unique library whence he drew some of his most devastating anti-clerical material. But over his savage attacks on all monasticism (he proposed to turn all monasteries into asylums for the aged) he is conveniently silent. One would like to be convinced by Mr. Noyes that it was sincere Catholic sentiment that led him to *faire ses Pâques* and take the sacrament three or four times in his life. On any other view these were dishonest acts of conformity, either frivolous or cowardly. But the evidence is overwhelming as to his motives. Once he hoped to escape persecution: once he was acting the correct lord of the manor: once he was playing a prank on a bishop: finally, he feared that his bones would be flung, like Adrienne Lecouvreur's, into a ditch.

The truth about this fine intellect surely was that it was singularly incapable of understanding the religious attitude of mind. He wrote many brave and humane pages about the Church's persecution of the early heretics, but he displayed no curiosity whatever about the gropings after a purer religion of the heretics themselves. Much that he wrote about the economic motives of the Protestant Reformation was shrewd and true, but he caught no glimmer of any deeper meaning either in Calvinism or in Jansenism. Some passages of his early remarks on Pascal breathe the spirit of the complacent man of fashion, for whom mystics are merely self-torturing neurotics. If he was partial to the Quakers, it was only on the ethical side that he approached them: he loathed war, and singled out Penn's dealings with the American Indians, together with the Jesuit record in Paraguay, as the only redeeming chapters in the history of white colonisation. This great man was a moralist of genius, but religion was a closed book to him.

What, then, are we to make of his later Theism? Mr. Noyes pays little attention to the development of his thinking. In his early Treatise on Metaphysics his God is merely a First Cause, a craftsman who made that superb mathematical instrument known as the Universe. He constantly uses the trite metaphors of the watchmaker and the architect. His morality in this phase is entirely positive and social: and he explicitly pours scorn "on those who need the help of religion to be good men." One realises in the poem on the Lisbon earthquake that his views are changing: he echoes some of Pascal's phrases: he repudiates his own youthful hedonism: he perceives a mystery in the universe. In his last phase he contends that this God is not merely a First Cause: He stands (one cannot say how) in direct relation to man: He rewards and punishes. This involves, presumably, the repudiation of the moral of *Micromegas*—that man is not the centre of the Universe.

The secret of this change lay, one guesses, in Voltaire's social thinking. This is a chapter that Mr. Noyes entirely ignores. This thinker of the middle-class revolution had to face the fact of social inequality. It distressed his humanity. He said at first that it could be maintained only by force. But force revolted him. None the less he held that inequality was necessary. Labourers must be kept "poor but not wretched," otherwise they would not work. He did not propose to educate them, and he was content that the Church should keep them. At this point Voltaire came to perceive that a belief in divine rewards and punishments is useful to society "and" (as he sometimes added) "to princes." Whether it would be equally necessary in a more nearly equal society that dispensed with princes and poverty—that was a question he never asked himself. Into that Eldorado neither Candide nor yet the Princess of Babylon ever strayed.

There are other matters on which Mr. Noyes holds unusual views. Voltaire was capable in a high degree of a passionless friendship for women, but was there never, even in his youth, anything more? His momentary impulse to fight a duel with Saint-Lambert, Madame du Châtelet's lover, suggests the contrary. To Madame Mr. Noyes is seriously unjust. She could write ably enough without Voltaire's aid, witness her treatise on fire, which she hid from him. Nor were her love-affairs merely physical: her letters are those of a tortured spirit. But in spite of some eccentricity, and even because of it, this book is alive. One is entitled to one's own reasons for loving Voltaire.

H. N. Brailsford

A DIFFICULT POET

Sonnets to Orpheus. By Rainer Maria Rilke. Text, translation and notes by J. B. Leishman. *Hogarth Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

"Orpheus, the ideal poet (and perhaps, ultimately, the ideal man) mediates, not only between life and death, but between past and present, experiencing the whole of human history and achievement as one single, timeless, and divine *event*." Thus Mr. Leishman in his introduction, which is a brave attempt to lay bare the arcane sources of one of the most difficult of modern poems. That is one point of Rilke's triangle; the second is that death is capable of being experienced—indeed has to be so, for the full comprehension of life. The third (and here the *Sonnets* link up with the still greater *Elegies*) has to do with essence—the thing-in-itself of Kant: the tower, or tree or bridge of our personal experience, the eternal being of which builds them up again within us, for ever invisible, yet the more real for that. The agent of this process is invoked as Orpheus, lord of the life and death of things.

Rilke's metaphysical position—which no commentator, and not even the poet himself, has succeeded in making really clear—is complicated by a most heterodox attitude to Christianity, to some aspects of which, however, he evidently attached enormous importance. It is probable that only a few more years of life would have resolved the cat's cradle that makes the last poems so teasing,

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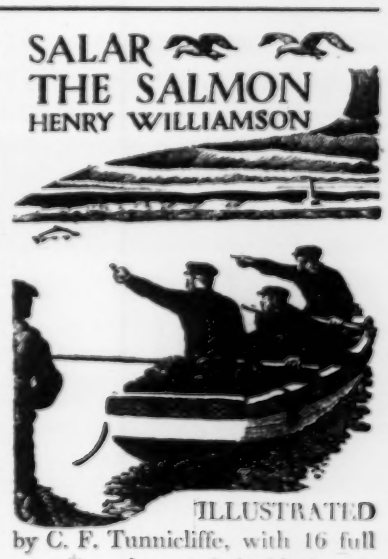

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in spite of their poignant beauty. However this may be, the whole of Rilke's poetry is free from the major fault which lies in wait for metaphysical poets: first forming the conception—the idea—and then finding the verse to express it. Even at his most obscure, Rilke is always spontaneously lyrical: the toughest of his conceptions "sings" like Heine. One has only to turn to the 29th Sonnet of the Second Part to perceive this. But alas! such feats are untranslatable. Mr. Leishman's understanding of his subject is most remarkable, but his task is not made easier by the fact that much of the beauty of Rilke's later poetry is the product of grammatical subtleties which the German language shares with Latin. One is reminded, on this side, of Virgil. But these subtleties, when rendered into English, are bound to appear clumsy and inappropriate to the genius of English verse. Reading the 1st Sonnet of the Second Part, and then Mr. Leishman's version, one cannot help feeling—great as is the skill shown—that prose would really have been the more satisfactory medium for such an attempt. The necessity for rhymes, again, leads the translator into redundancies and awkwardnesses which spoil what is otherwise admirable work. I would instance only the last line of the 7th Sonnet of the First Part, and the second verse of the 2nd Sonnet of the First Part, where "leaved and unleaved" has no counterpart in the original, and "heart-harvests" seems a strange translation of "*Staunen*." But, being no stranger myself to the difficulties of translating Rilke, I must accord full recognition to the bravery, and on the whole to the success, of Mr. Leishman's attempt, which was certainly worth making. Where he has adopted hexameters the result seems to me more successful than in the case of the blank verse translations: the words flow with greater ease and the sense emerges with a less gnarled effect. An admirable example of this is Mr. Leishman's version of the wonderful 11th Sonnet of the Second Part, which describes the hunting of the doves in the caves of the Karst—one of the most unforgettable of modern poems. That the translator has not feared to print the originals opposite his English versions is at once a tribute to his courage and a reason why everyone interested in poetry should buy this book. EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

A GREAT EUROPEAN

Stories of Three Decades. By THOMAS MANN. *Secker and Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

It is extraordinary, as one gets into these stories, how soon one forgets that Thomas Mann is a German. For the Germany he represents is like the lost continent of Atlantis of which he seems one of the few survivors, a Germany full of people like ourselves. Not a breath of politics disturbs these five hundred and fifty pages, the war occurs casually between *Death in Venice* and a dog story; the inflation gives rise to a study of a grandfather's feelings to his grandchild—even *Mario the Magician* stands easily without its allegorical significance. Yes, here is a great artist writing for thirty years about a vanished and submerged race, a people who are as if they had never been, writing in exile of an enormous cultivated bourgeoisie, dignified, liberal, art-loving, bringing forth a certain amount of morbid and juvenile delinquents, but apparently for thirty years utterly secure in the saddle, and now extinct, extinct as those early films, *Destiny*, *Dr. Caligari*, *Warning Shadows*, *Dr. Mabuse*, which once thrilled us with their hints of macabre patrician vice. There has even lately been talk of an English company making a film of *Death in Venice* with the Polish boy changed to a girl (or Aschenbach could be changed to a woman!)

What makes the world of Thomas Mann so particularly extinct is his own cultural background, the formative influences of his early years. These influences are clearly of the 'nineties, that is to say, they derive from the Flaubertian conception of art and the artist. Writing is a high calling exacting great labour and patience and a certain self-sacrifice from those who profess it. One can't expect to make much money, and one must expect to remain an observer of life and one's own life, often deprived of the experiences which render more rounded and full those of other human beings. The artist is a naturally isolated being who cannot or should not try for a place in the organised bodies of society, he is an aristocratic ivory-towering hermit vowed from his birth to sensibility, austerity, loneliness and fame. To this ideal of the 'seventies and 'eighties the next decade added a delicious *art nouveau* touch. The artist should travel. And so there grew up a literature of these travelling artists; the romance of the liner and the wagon lit appear, and a nostalgia for villages seen from trains, or for certain hotels, increases among the writers of the nineteen hundreds—till after Firbank, Larbaud, Morand the new restrictions and the new currencies put an end to the travelling epoch, and now we read most of the night and go march on Sundays. It is interesting to compare the Venice of the *Aspern Papers* with that of *Tod in Venedig*, the latter so full of hotels and *l'affreux lido*, of carefully built-up local colour exaggerated in a yellow book sort of way. The long short story of the 'eighties on the other hand, so scrupulously reticent about the obvious charms of Venice, so confined to the existence of two old ladies in a shabby palazzo in an unfashionable quarter, so without the poster quality of the story of 1914.

> He did not like to be aware of the hour or of the day of the week, and, moreover, he had no truck with the calendars. Some time ago he had lost the habit of knowing the day of the month or even the month of the year. Everything must be in the air—so he put it in his mind, and the phrase was comprehensive though rather vague. After all, was it not enough for him to know more or less what season it was? "It is more or less autumn," he thought, gazing out into the damp and gloomy train-shed. "More I do not know. Do I even know where I am?"

In this delicious aestheticism of 1899 we are at once reminded of the early Gide and the early Valéry. As the stories grow (although there are trains in nearly all of them) two themes emerge as those most congenial to his talent: studies of the nature of the artist, that being, who, for Thomas Mann, combines the integrity and self-discipline of a puritan banker with the emotional depravity of a criminal, and studies of adolescence often on a note of idealised homosexuality. In the best stories these two themes are combined, as in *Tonio Krüger*, *Death in Venice*, or *Felix Krull* which is their satirical counterpart. They thus illustrate the extraordinary affinity which exists between his work and Gide's and, in a lesser degree, between him and the Henry James of the short stories, and Mr. E. M. Forster, and the earlier Lawrence.

Here is a short anthology from this long absorbing book illustrating some of his gifts and tendencies.

Landscape, Denmark, 1903.

> Sometimes it was still and summery there. The sea lay idle and smooth, in stripes of blue and russet and bottle green, played all across with glittering silvery lights. The seaweed shrivelled in the sun and the jellyfish lay steaming. Then grey stormy days would come. The waves lowered their heads like bulls and charged against the beach; they ran and ramped high up the sands and left them strewn with shining wet sea-grass, driftwood and mussels. He went landward by lonely meadow-paths, and was swallowed up in the beech-groves that clothed the rolling landscape near and far. Here he sat down on the moss, against a tree, and gazed at the strip of water he could see between the trunks. Sometimes the sound of surf came on the wind—a noise like boards collapsing at a distance.

German film sentiment, 1914

> His head burned, his body was wet with clammy sweat, he was plagued by intolerable thirst. He looked about for refreshment, of whatever sort, and found a little fruit-shop where he bought some strawberries. They were overripe and soft; he ate them as he went. The street he was on opened out into a little square, one of those charmed, forsaken spots he liked. Grass grew between the stones and rubbish lay about. A waft of carbolic acid was borne on a warm gust of wind.
>
> There he sat, the master: this was he who had found a way to reconcile art with honours, who had written *The Abject*, and in a style of classic purity renounced bohemianism and all its works, all sympathy with the abyss and the troubled depths of the outcast human soul. His eyelids were closed, there was only a swift sidelong glint of the eyeballs now and again, something between a question and a leer; while the rouged and flabby mouth uttered single words of the disordered sentences shaped in his brain by the fantastic logic that governs our dreams.

Dog-stuff, 1918.

> Certainly the meeting in the open of two dogs, strangers to each other, is one of the most painful, thrilling, and pregnant of all conceivable encounters; it is surrounded by an atmosphere of the last uncanniness, presided over by a constraint for which I have no preciser name; they simply cannot pass each other, their mutual embarrassment is frightful to behold. . . . "Go away," I repeat in a lower voice. But Bashan does not go away, he sticks in his distress the closer to me, making as brief a pause as he can at a tree trunk to perform the accustomed rite. I can see the other dog doing the same. We are now within twenty paces, the suspense is frightful. The strange dog is crawling on his belly, like a cat, his head thrust out. He is under a spell; he is bound to the other dog; they are bound to each other with some obscure and equivocal bond which may not be denied. We are now within two paces. They cannot pass each

Julian Huxley

and a "remarkable book"

MUSSOLINI'S demand for British recognition of the conquest of Abyssinia lends great topical interest to Knud Holmboe's DESERT ENCOUNTER, the Book Society's November Choice (9*s.* net). This young Dane (later killed), whose intolerance of injustice and white exploitation turned him to Islam, travelled through North Africa in 1930. J. H. Driberg, an authority on African affairs well known to *New Statesman* readers, has written an Introduction to the book in which he refers to the author as "a potential T. E. Lawrence."

KNUD HOLMBOE

And here is part of a long review by Julian Huxley:

"But the part of the book which will be of the most immediate interest concerns his experiences of the Italians in Africa. They constitute a formidable indictment. Ninety-nine Italians out of a hundred had no appreciation whatever of the inhabitants of their colonies. To them, they were merely ignorant, dirty, unenterprising, and stupid—pigheaded too, since they did not seem to recognise immediately the value of the European exploiters' 'civilising mission.' Holmboe, on the other hand, seeing the picture from the other side, found the Arabs rich in a true culture, an aristocracy of the spirit, a pure devotion to their religion and their moral code which was in the strongest contrast with the arrogance and brutality of the Italians.

"Some of the stories he narrates are harrowing—of the chief who returned to his home to find that the Italians had arrived there, shot every fifth man, and taken off his beloved daughter. After searching for many months, he found her in a public brothel and, at her own request, killed her. Men and women were executed in numbers for supplying bread or tobacco to the rebels in the mountains.

"Holmboe was in an excellent position to know about Italian repression, for at one stage in his journey he himself was arrested, thrown into prison, and transported in a prison ship to Benghazi. The authorities did not take him for a European in his Arab dress, so he was a witness to the revolting brutality and filth to which Arab prisoners were subjected.

"Most revolting of all, however, was the general attitude of the Italians in the highest positions, including General Graziani himself, who was then Governor of Cyrenaica. Here was—and doubtless is—white imperialism at its most intolerant and its most brutal. . . .

"It is good to have this picture of the 'civilising mission' of European nations drawn by a European with such unique opportunities for discovering the non-European point of view."

Sir John Squire in the *Daily Telegraph* speaks of "this astonishing narrative," while Geoffrey Grigson in the *Morning Post* says: "Without the least doubt, without the least fear that one will soon be ashamed of having wasted too much zeal, it is possible to recommend DESERT ENCOUNTER as one of the best books of travel we are likely to have for some time."

"Living China"

WHAT is happening to the creative mind of modern China? What is being written by Chinese intellectuals for Chinese eyes and appreciation and not for foreigners? Mr. Edgar Snow, the *Daily Herald's* Peiping correspondent, sought answers to such questions, but could find virtually no literature of this kind in English. So with the co-operation of many Chinese writers he has made the first collection in English of contemporary Chinese short stories, LIVING CHINA (8*s.* 6*d.* net). There are seven stories by Lu Hsün, whose social and political rôle in China is similar to that of the late Maxim Gorki in Russia, and seventeen by other writers. Biographical notes are provided. There are two important Appendixes: Miss Nym Wales, an authority on the subject, contributes an essay on "The Modern Chinese Literary Movement," which is of high value as an essential background to the stories in the volume and is believed to be the first full analysis and discussion of its kind to appear in English; and a unique Bibliography gives information regarding the writings of the leaders of the present Chinese renaissance.

All these stories show the impact of Western ideas on Oriental culture and, what is much more important, they show Oriental civilisation in the throes of the world struggle. The realism of the writers' facts pictures every aspect of China to-day with extraordinary clarity. This book is possibly the most vivid description in the English language of modern Chinese life; it is certainly a highly important contribution to world literature.

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other, they probably want to, they turn away their heads rolling their eyes sideways; evidently the same sense of guilt weighs on them both.

These quotations may show something of the many-sidedness of this great, vigorous and sensitive writer. It is obvious that the later stories are the best, *Mario the Magician*, *Disorder and Early Sorrow*, are little masterpieces; *A Man and his Dog* is remarkable. *Death in Venice* is a borderline case. For one thing, alone among these stories, it is not very well translated. Nothing can be got out of an expression like "with closed lids Aschenbach listened to this poesy hymning itself silently within him, and anon he thought it was good to be here and that he would stop awhile." I am inclined to think that though perfect in many details, and in form especially, there is something a little artificial, almost arty, about the homosexual element which is not deep and honest enough, and something a little vulgar about the thick palette which is used to describe the plague in Venice—but how, if one can't read German, can one lay down the law?

This is not really a book to recommend to writers, for to those who wish to write well it is disheartening to find so much of themselves already expressed thirty years ago and in another language, and to those who don't care he will prove only too easy to imitate. But for the disinterested this book presents, in the most readable way possible, the picture of a fine writer and his time, a writer who may lack the emotions which sweep over us to-day but who stands master of a complete world and of his attitude to it, an attitude of great fertility, that of the artist, in all his sensuality, in all his distinction.

CYRIL CONNOLLY

PORTRAIT OF A CITY

A Biography of Dublin. By CHRISTINE LONGFORD. *Methuen.* 5s.

Lady Longford's story of Dublin is tactful and spirited; it cannot displease the native, it will amuse the visitor. Her book—the first of a series of city biographies—had to be very short: she has done very well with it. She rushes through history with rapid discrimination, making pauses only for anecdote: rightly, for Irish history is a constellation of anecdotes glittering on a profound and untracked gloom. Briskness is essential to Lady Longford's manner and to the form of her book; only two subjects tempt her to potter—the Anglo-Irish (who first began to make trouble centuries back, while still called the Old English) and the Dublin theatre. It will be interesting to see whether other towns in the series—Jerusalem, Moscow, Los Angeles—offer as much as Dublin to common sense and fun. The Irish discussing themselves are often boring, long-winded and full of vanity: they have been given style recently by a new *désabusé* kind of English wit. It took an Englishwoman—and one with flair—to write this agreeable, vivid, smooth, un-bitter book. Her style and tone have their dangers: she comes in places a little too near smartness, but she gives tragedy place by respectful understatement, honours the fantastic and the heroic, and shows throughout a sober regard for fact. Dublin has loomed in art through a haze of native sentiment, often a tortured sentiment. But taste—of which so great a part is intelligent and voluntary—better qualifies the biographer. Lady Longford ably paints the city's portrait and summarises its past.

Dublin, on the east, the Europe-regarding, coast of Ireland, owes her vitality and complexity as a city to a continuous influx of foreign life. The invader, the trader, the opportunist, the social visitor have all added strife or colour. The Norsemen found her a village—called Baile Atha Cliath, or Fort of the Hurdles—on the lowest ford of the Liffey. The river's mouth made a fine harbour, her position was strategic; since their day until lately she was garrisoned by invaders, whose ostentation has always been uneasy. Once her walls went up she became a capital, full of heady passions. The Normans, invited over, gave a bad deal, but got a worse deal than they had time to see. Prince John's Lordship of Ireland was not happy; he was frivolous, tactless and overbearing, offended the older Normans, who had been settling down, and gave early support to an Irish theory that when the English come over they go to bits. Richard II found enlightenment did not work. The Fitzgeralds, of Norman origin, made perpetual trouble; Lord Edward, finally, led a forlorn hope. Dublin, connected with Ireland by a system of nerves, registered and reacted to trouble throughout the country: the relation of Paris to France provides no analogy. She became the headquarters of Protestant domination, of aristocratic pretension, of bourgeois power. A minority supported by theoretic authority fled to her at any crisis, to be fortified. Under Henry VIII, the Protestant aggression had its way in Dublin: George Browne, the Archbishop, found the greater part of Ireland unsatisfactory; he complained to Thomas Cromwell: "The common people of this isle are more zealous in their blindness than the saints and martyrs were in the truth." Puritanism, later, found the city slippery in its grip. Dublin has always been foreignly irresponsible; an uninformed enthusiasm commands it, and the Stuarts, attractive and kingly, were warmly supported there. The Restoration was signalised by a great burst of fun: the theatre (precious to Lady Longford) first came into evidence, and Roman Catholics were tolerated. In spite of defeat James II, owing to personal characteristics, became unpopular. Under William and Mary some hanky-panky over the linen industry brought capitalism into the open as a declared force. Longer lapses between violence made constitutional difficulties more apparent. "The work of the Irish Parliament was very much obstructed by the fact that certain officials were English, and only came to Ireland in their spare time."

Lady Longford makes place for portraits of Swift, Molyneux, Wolfe Tone, Grattan, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Emmet, O'Connell and Parnell. Her desire, which is honourable, to place Swift in the gallery of enthusiast patriots makes her overlook, or ignore, the in-turning edge of his wit. To burn for Ireland is not to burn for truth: Swift never buried for Ireland the quality that he had. Lady Longford, referring to Swift's last charity—the leaving of his money to found a hospital for lunatics in Dublin—suppresses in her quotation his next couplet:

> He left the little Wealth he had
> To build a House for Fools and Mad;
> *And shew'd by one satiric Touch,*
> *No Nation wanted it so much.*

The anecdotes are well chosen, pleasant and pithy. There are pictures of pre-Union Dublin in redundant and crazy flower. The nineteenth century is summarised, there is a sympathetic family picture of the Wildes, a broad daylight photograph of the Celtic Twilight and a respectful résumé of 1916. Lady Longford does justice to Dublin's present urbanity: the startled and somehow not yet quite authentic glitter of cinemas and all-night cafés, the inexhaustible talk with its malice and unfocused uplift, the Grafton Street animation, the morning coffee, the theatre. Prolonged European disturbance offers Ireland an opening; she bids fair to become for the English a more accessible Switzerland, an amiable, rural country, now that the rifles have cooled there, poetry with the sting drawn, a country with a decay-glamour, a touch of the Old South. Dublin may make a bid to be Basle and Berne, the clearing-house for the sensitive tripper, the intelligent pause on the way to country house visits, the gateway to bay and bog. For this her biography, informed and sophisticated, is exceedingly well timed. But the city is not in tune yet; she is overcast like a yesterday one remembers with no pleasure; her trams give her away, they have no Continental brightness; they crawl through the Georgian quarters with a rasping vibration and the red plush inside gives out a dusty and charnel smell.

ELIZABETH BOWEN

STAINLESS STEEL

Marlborough: His Life and Times. Vol. III. By WINSTON S. CHURCHILL. *Harrap.* 25s.

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chapter, every paragraph and almost every sentence. Even the least-informed reader, one would think, would begin to wonder, somewhere in volume three, whether Marlborough can have been always right as well as always good; or, if he was both, then to wish he had not been because it makes him, as a man, duller even than most great soldiers. A man must be a good deal more than a great soldier to carry the weight of four volumes on his memory. And Marlborough, one knows from the first page, will never lose a battle or a siege or his temper. He will always have ready for each great occasion a new trick, very simple, almost child-like, like all successful tricks in the stupid business of war, where colonels are sometimes stupider than generals and majors than colonels and everything must be done, often in the dark, by privates who cannot safely be presumed not to be stupider even than their N.C.Os. As well as the trick, there will always be the thoughtfulness and the patience (god-like, if you will, but how much less exciting than the behaviour of the more interesting divinities of Greece), and the letter to Sara written with the fumes of victory reeking unheeded round the model husband, and nearly always some final touch of dexterity like the offer to that mulish civilian Goslinga of a share of the hero's cloak when he flung himself down to snatch a few hours' sleep after Ramillies. Was there ever a more serenely competent soldier—a more clinching proof that success in war, as at cards, comes to the man who can keep his mind tidy under difficulties? Perhaps, then, there is poetic justice in the fate, stern as it seems, that has condemned Marlborough to all these monuments. He, of all men, one would have thought, admirable stylist as he was, would have relished discreet under-statement to embellish, in the best Augustan manner, so brilliant a career. Read his own letters and note how their tonelessness stands out against Mr. Churchill's grand manner as he quotes them in their place in the narrative. A twinge of "uneasiness" and an occasional headache are all the Duke allows himself to mention in his most intimate letters to his wife from the stricken fields of war or diplomacy. What he seems to ask for is an epitaph like Housman's on another mercenary soldier who saved the sum of things for pay.

That epitaph he has really earned, as far as it can be earned without death in action. He reminds one of what Anatole France makes someone say about Napoleon in *Le Lys Rouge*, that the Emperor was a supremely ordinary man raised to a higher power, a man who was still enough of a child actually to believe in glory. Marlborough's shoulders did really hold the sky suspended, but they were those of the possessor of "all the virtues except the heroic ones." Not for John Churchill was the first, let alone the last, of the infirmities of noble minds: his temptations were those of the virtuous apprentice, not of Hamlet or even of Othello or Macbeth: not even Mr. Churchill can strike the authentic note of tragedy over the business of Abigail Hill and Mr. Harley, of the ingratitude of Queen Anne and the nasty intrigues of the Tories and the stupidity of the allies.

So Marlborough pays for all the victories and all the glory, as everyone must pay who gets even a little more than he deserves, by being dressed up, he perhaps the dapperest man in history, in a suit which does not fit. He is much more himself in Mr. Trevelyan's *Queen Anne*. Here, for instance, one finds him, having prudently and patriotically refused the Governorship of the Netherlands, still hankering, in a very human way when all is said, after the glittering prize and so losing bit by bit the towering position, with his head above the clouds, which had once been his. For "the weak spot in his character was his proneness to double-dealing learnt in the dynastic intrigues of English politics." So "the half-hearted pursuit of a personal ambition continued for several years to hamper the initiative of his action as diplomatist." And Professor Trevelyan adds in a footnote: "The facts and arguments on which this view is based will be found in Marlborough's correspondence and particularly in the late Roderick Geikie's posthumously published work *The Dutch Barrier*. . . . This work of a fine Cambridge scholar of the last generation . . . throws a flood of light on these complicated transactions." Geikie's book is listed in Mr. Churchill's bibliography, but there is no hint in his account of these negotiations that any competent scholar has challenged his view that Marlborough's conduct on this occasion was above reproach: he takes the whole episode in his stride as a crucial instance of Marlborough's integrity. "Nothing in his whole career shows in more striking fashion how far he could rise on great occasions above all the private advantages which in the ordinary swing of life he counted so carefully."

Still, Mr. Churchill no doubt knows his own business best. He is not writing for scholars. He must know that Marlborough's fame was secure, and all the evidence of real importance about him was already in print, before he himself embarked on the new "life." But he knows, too, what a business it is to eradicate from history, as it is taught and learnt and believed by the great public, a portrait drawn by the master hand of Macaulay. His book is an address to the jury by the counsel for the defence. He is not the man to make the elementary blunder of admitting that his client has ever deviated by a hair's breadth from the paths of rectitude: his business is to prove the accused innocent on every single count relied on by the prosecution. Emphasis and reiteration may not be argument, but they convince all the better for that. And after all, Macaulay began it. KENNETH BELL

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Perhaps I am prejudiced in his favour. He has taken me back into an atmosphere and among people that were once familiar to me, and I find it and them true to my experience. Among his "ghosts" are Prince Bülow, Count Monts, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, Herr Ballin, Count Brockdorff-Rantzau and, here and there, Stresemann; while his "survivals" include William II (by reference), General Ludendorff and Otto Braun. It is usually more interesting to look at sketches or pictures of people one has seen or known than merely to take an artist's word for their likeness to their subjects.

In form these studies are papers which Theodor Wolff read to

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a small gathering of Germans, Americans and others in a hospitable villa on the Riviera. Because they were not written for "the great public" they have an air of intimacy that adds to their charm. Herr Wolff is eager, even anxious, to be fair to Prince Bülow. The more damning is his failure to take the sting out of Herr von Holstein's acrid epithet: "Une vieille cocotte." No man's reputation as a statesman could easily survive the letter, dated February 7th, 1925, which Bülow wrote to Wolff from Rome. Trotsky once said that the whole of Marx is in the Communist Manifesto of 1848. The greater part, if not the whole, of Bülow is in this letter to Wolff, which is not much shorter than the Manifesto; and in justice to the Manifesto there is this to be said—it does not make one feel sick.

Newer, and therefore more valuable, is Wolff's sketch of Count Monts who "while he was Ambassador at Rome, and still more after his retirement, was accounted the most interesting man in the German Diplomatic Corps." Monts was certainly the most striking of the German diplomatists whom I knew personally; but it is news to me that he was once looked upon as the likeliest successor to Bülow in the Imperial Chancellorship. He was a handsome man, tall and attractive, albeit with a sharp tongue and an inveterate habit of using it. William II first offered him the Chancellorship in 1906, after the Morocco crisis. Monts declined, saying—perhaps ironically—that he "felt neither physically nor intellectually equal to the post." In April, 1909, while Bülow was still in office, though marked down for dismissal, the Emperor explained to Monts why he was compelled to dismiss Bülow and why he thought Monts the right man for the place. But Monts shut the door of the Chancellor's Palace in his own face by telling the Emperor that Germany ought to annul her treaty with the completely untrustworthy Italy and cultivate British friendship by a drastic limitation of German naval armaments. According to Monts the Emperor "agreed entirely"—and then gave ear to Tirpitz.

In his Memoirs Monts "wrote furiously" upon extracts from Bülow's letter to Wolff—which were published shortly after Bülow's death—and ridiculed Bülow's wisdom after the event. (Monts on Bülow must be worth reading!) "But," Herr Wolff asks, "would Count Monts himself have slid into the war, have slipped into it by inadvertence?" as Bethmann-Hollweg did. Herr Wolff answers: "No, he would have jumped into it."

Here I do not "entirely agree." Monts might have jumped into a war of some kind, but it would not have been the war of 1914. He might not even have stayed long enough in the "Tragic House," as Herr Wolff calls the Imperial Chancellor's Palace, to jump into anything except his own retirement after some fierce shindy with his Imperial master. At any rate, he would have cut another figure than that of Bethmann-Hollweg; and I doubt whether Herr von Jagow would have stayed long in the Wilhelmstrasse under Monts.

Still, these are idle speculations. More to the point are Herr Wolff's studies of "The Jew Ballin," the "Kaiser's friend" (who broke down and took poison after Emperor and Empire had gone smash), and of Count Brockdorff-Rantzau. Ballin "had not the magnificent nerve and the thick skin of those others, and was decidedly too sentimental," is Herr Wolff's dry comment. Of Brockdorff-Rantzau he writes with feeling and brings out all his good points. Yet, if I may judge by a fairly close acquaintance with Brockdorff-Rantzau in Vienna, he had faults to which this sketch of him is a little kind. He did not quite strike me as "the knight of romance" Herr Wolff makes him out to be; but I can well understand that his ordeal at Versailles must have broken his heart. The real reason why I did not go to Versailles on that day was that I did not wish to see an old acquaintance on the rack.

To yet another tragic figure Herr Wolff pays tribute—to that of the Gustav Stresemann of 1925 onwards, though he makes no apology for not having admitted Stresemann into the "Democratic Ark" in November, 1918. He says: "There was no magic mirror in November, 1918, to show the Stresemann of 1925; all we could see was the Stresemann who, during the war, had been an annexationist and a follower of Tirpitz, and who had declared that there was no need to be afraid of America because the Americans had no ships and could not cross the ocean. . . . For all that it was painful to have to reject him, and a painful memory later, during the period when I stood near to him as a politician and a friend and watched him until the last, suffering severely from grave ill health and from the malignity of his enemies."

Sunt lachrymae rerum. Who can say whether the Stresemann of 1928–29, rather than the Stresemann of 1925, might not have developed earlier if he had been admitted to the "Democratic Ark" in 1918? Still, Theodor Wolff was on the spot and knew the circumstances. No man can do better than his honest best in time and space.

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I have so wonderfully enjoyed this hotch-potch of a book that I must suppose others will share my enthusiasm. It is a collection of excerpts chosen for their "beauty, wisdom or absurdity," and most of them will be unfamiliar except to the most erudite. Mr. Daniel George has taken things from Matthew Arnold, Walter Bagehot, Richard Barnefield, Browne, Burton, Lord Chesterfield, Dr. Johnson, Montaigne, Pope, and Henry Vaughan, but more from such obscure authors as Laurens Andrewe, Edward Benlowes, Sir George Courthop, J. Bernard Burke, Thomas Churchyard, Sir John Hill, Thomas Hickocke, Abraham de la Pryme, Thomas Sprat, and Johannes Plantavitius. How many, I wonder, have read John Bulwer's *Anthropometamorphosis*, from which we are given a number of most enticing extracts. (Mr. George has unfortunately denied himself the pleasure of annotation, so I had to discover for myself that Bulwer was a seventeenth-century physician specially interested in the deaf, to whom he recommended lip-reading and a system of communication by signs.) The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are Mr. George's favourite hunting grounds, but he ranges from Diodorus Siculus to Lautréamont and Jules Renard. Variety is one of the book's virtues, and this it is impossible to illustrate by quotation. But I give a few of the many morsels I have marked, that you may see whether you are likely to enjoy this book as much as I do.

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CASSELL

containing treasure about to live, who looks in the eyes of him that caused it and seeks energy in the grappling of his hand, and hides her face in the pillow that she may save him a pain by stifling a greater.

If there be a more nauseating passage than this of Leigh Hunt's in the whole of literature, I should be glad to make its acquaintance. As an antidote here is a fragment from Lyly's *The Woman in the Moone :*

FAYRE PROMISES

Stesias : I will allure her with fayre promises . . .
Pandora : Giue me a running streame in both my hands,
A blew kings fisher, and a pible stone,
And Ile catch butter flies vpon the sand,
And thou *Gunophilis* shalt clippe their wings.
Stesias : Ile giue thee streames whose pibble shalbe pearle,
Loue birdes whose feathers shalbe beaten gold,
Musk flyes with amber berries in their mouthes,
Milk white Squirrels, singing Popiniayes,
A boat of deare skins, and a fleeting Ile,
A sugar cane, and line of twisted silke.

The following three passages are scattered in the book, but deserve to be placed side by side.

LOVE NOWADAYS

But now adayes men can not love seven nyghte but they must have alle their desyres. That love may not endure by reason. For where they ben soone accorded, and hasty hete, soone it keleth. Ryghte soo fareth love now adayes : sone hote, soone cold. This is no stabylyte. But the old love was not so. Men and wymmen coude love togyders seven yeres, and no lycours lustes were bitwene them, and thenne was love trouthe and feythfulness.
La Morte Darthur, 1485 (Sir Thomas Malory).

MARRIAGE

What an Age doe wee live in where 'tis a Miracle if in ten Couple that are marryed two of them live soe as not to publish it to the world that they cannot agree.
Letter to William Temple, 1653, October (Dorothy Osborne).

MODERN MAID

A violated decency now reigns,
And nymphs for failings take peculiar pains.
With Chinese painters modern toasts agree,
The point they aim at is deformity :
They throw their persons, with a hoyden air,
Across the room, and toss into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They for our manners have exchanged their own.
The modest look, the castigated grace,
The gentle movement and slow-measured pace,
For which her lovers dy'd, her parents pray'd,
Are indecorums with the modern maid.
Stiff forms are bad ; but let not worse intrude.
Nor conquer Art and Nature to be rude.
The Universal Passion, 1728 (Edward Young).

Less commonplace reflections may arise from the following passage :

KITTEN

Mr. Mitchell had a most serious antipathy to a kitten. He could sit in a room without experiencing the least emotion from a cat : but directly he perceived a kitten, his flesh shook on his bones, like a snail in vinegar. I once relieved him from one of these paroxysms, by taking a kitten out of the room ; on my return he thanked me, and declared his feelings to be insupportable upon such an occasion. Long subsequently I asked him whether he could in any way account for this agitation. He said he could not, adding that he experienced no such sensations upon seeing a full-grown cat ; but that a kitten, after he had looked at it for a minute or two, in his imagination grew to the size of an overpowering elephant.
A Book for a Rainy Day, 1845 (John Thomas Smith).

(This was the Smith who wrote the Life of Nollekens.) I should like to quote some of the lickerish passages which Mr. George has found, for he has a nice taste in impudicity. But instead you shall have these :

SPITTING REFRAINED FROM

Elizabeth Drew, a Devonshire Gentlewoman, is reported never to have spat, nor the Indian Nation.
The Holy Guide, 1662 (John Heydon).

SYMPATHISED HANDS

Besides this there is another way of secret conveyance that's whisper'd about the World, the *truth* of which I vouch not, but the *possibility :* it is conference at a distance by sympathized handes. For say the relatours of this strange secret : The hands of two friends being allyed by the transferring of *Flesh* from one into another, and the place of the Letters mutually agreed on ; the least prick in the

hand of one, the other will be sensible of, and that in the same part of his own. And thus the distant friend, by a new kind of *Chiromancy*, may read in his own hand what his correspondent had set down in his. For instance, would I in *London* acquaint my intimate in Paris that *I am well :* I would then prick that part where I had appointed the letter I ; and doing so in another place to signifie that word was done, proceed to A, thence to M and so on, till I had finisht what I intended to make known.

Scepsis Scientifica, 1665 (Joseph Glanvill).

(This was the Glanvill from whom Matthew Arnold took the story of *The Scholar Gypsy*.) Finally here are two pieces of literary criticism :

IMPROVING THE LANGUAGE

It is no mean Art to improve a Language, and find out Words, that are not only removed from common use, but rich in Consonants, the Nerves and Sinews of Speech, to raise a soft and feeble Language like ours to the Pitch of *High-Dutch*, as he did, that writ

Arts rattling Foreskins shrilling Bagpipes quell.

This is not only the most elegant, but most prolific Way of Writing, that a Poet can use ; for I know no Defence like it to preserve a Poem from the Torture of those that lisp and stammer. He that wants Teeth may as well venture upon a piece of tough horny Brawn as such a Line, for he will look like an Ass eating Thistles.

Genuine Remains : A Small Poet, 1759 *ed.* (Samuel Butler).

This ironical advice is more likely to be followed by the Small Poets of the present, I fear, than the following admirable epigram :

Ce que ta plume produit
Est couvert de trop de voiles :
Ton discours est une Nuit
Vesve de Lune et d'Estoiles.

Mon Amy, chasse bien loin
Cette noire Rhetorique.
Tes Ouvrages ont besoin
D'un Devin qui les explique.

Si ton Esprit veut cacher
Les belles choses qu'il pense,
Dy-moy, qui peut t'empescher
De te servir du Silence.

Les Oeuvres, 1646 (François Maynard).

In Mr. George's book this poem contains a misprint. I do not know what other flaws to find in this succulent mingle-mangle, from which I have pilfered some morsels to give you an appetite for the whole banquet. If any further commendation be required, let me say that anyone will delight in this book, who already cares for the Miscellanies of the incomparable Aubrey.

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LORD CARSON

Life of Lord Carson. Vol. III. By IAN D. COLVIN. *Gollancz*. 16*s*.

This is unquestionably the most important volume in Lord Carson's biography. It is important, let it be said at once, not so much for what it tells us about its subject himself, as for the light it throws upon more important men and events to whom it is directly relevant. It provides a perspective to the war and the struggle over Ulster which can hardly be gathered without its careful scrutiny.

Of Lord Carson himself it presents no new picture. It is the portrait of a gallant and lovable man whose political philosophy consisted of a single idea : to play with his team. Carson saw everything in black and white. He was for the Union ; everyone who was for the Union deserved support ; everyone who was against it was to be fought without limit. He had no imagination, no power to weigh consequences, no sense of the compromises that are fundamental in politics. He never understood the infinite mischief he wrought by the policy he adopted over Ulster. He thought the Sinn Fein movement simply organised murder which could have been suppressed with a little more firmness. Sensitive in all personal relations, selfless, even tender, in the private contacts of politics, as a public person he was a disaster. He thought that policy consisted in repetition of fundamental dogma. He had no sense whatever of the significance of changing scenes or changing times. Himself the soul of personal honour, the things for which his honour stood were, for the most part, disastrous things. Over Ulster he had his way. It is significant that in this book there is not one page to suggest that he ever understood the price that had to be paid by other men that he might have his way. John Redmond, Connolly, Michael Collins,

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the Easter Rebellion, Sir Roger Casement, these, to name only a few, are the victims of his blind obstinacy; and the student of contemporary Ulster will find it difficult not to feel that the full list of the tragedies he wrought has not yet worked itself out.

But interesting as is the portrait of Carson here painted, the importance of the volume lies not in this so much as in the side-lights it casts upon English politics between 1914 and the end of the war. In it all, Carson is of a piece, the man who wants victory for his side, whatever the price of victory. He has no other philosophy of the war, no other strategy, no other insight. There is no power of thought in the man himself; there is nothing but the strength of a dominating will, obsessed by the passion of his purpose. His relations to that purpose constitute the significance of Mr. Colvin's volume. The reader will find it fascinating to compare the account here given of those four critical years with the portrait of them painted by other men. Mr. Lloyd George is here the master of sinuous intrigue, the incarnation, indeed, of demonic energy, but incapable of following a straight road if there is a labyrinth through which he can tread his way. Sir Henry Wilson's letters reveal his fundamental incapacity for straight dealing. Sir Eric Geddes is one of those weak, ambitious men who in a critical time so easily become the instruments of a bigger will than their own. Mr. Bonar Law remains the curious enigma he always was—first-rate in nothing, able to allow obstinacy to appear as strength, confident only when he has a stronger nature upon which to lean. Lord Curzon is, as always, forcible-feeble, pompous without courage, and instructed without intelligence. The two men who emerge unscathed are Jellicoe and Milner; each, in his very different way, has the full resources of his technique combined with a character that never bends. And a curious portrait of Mr. F. S. Oliver emerges, always nearly-influential, never in the light of effective responsibility, a bizarre combination of learned doctrinairism with devastating ignorance. The inarticulateness of Kitchener—as helpless in a democratic system as most Englishmen who have played a great part in India—the tragedy of John Redmond, F. E. Smith who made in law and politics the career of a Renaissance bravo, Mr. Asquith who can always diagnose and never decide—all these come through in Mr. Colvin's pages with a curious clarity. The results I have summarised are not always those he has desired to reach; but this only adds to the fascination of his material. His book is an indispensable footnote to the history of its period. It will count for much in the weighing of the ultimate judgment.

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Mr. Boulenger is a zoologist who is not ashamed to admit that he is fascinated by animals and who communicates his own enthusiasm with charming friendliness.

Both these books are admirable. *Searchlight on Animals* is a collection of thirty-nine short essays, most of them about animals and animal phenomena which may be observed at the zoo. Curiosities are well represented, as a few chapter titles will show: *Animals that Change Sex, Egg-Laying Mammals, Longevity, Banana Stowaways, Undesirable Companions of the Bath,* and *The Rock Pool,* the morbid savagery of whose life implies almost as stern a warning to the parochial as Mr. Cyril Connolly's sociological novel of the same name. There are a great many entertaining stories, one of the best of which is about a two-headed Milk Snake discovered alive in the grounds of the New York Zoo. "Each head had a separate neck 2 inches long, thus giving considerable individuality to each headpiece. Fights between the two heads were frequent and at meals they had to be separated by a sheet of cardboard." Eventually one head bit the other so severely that the entire animal died of septicæmia. (Surrealists might copy, but preferably not imitate.)

Altogether, this is the kind of book which every zoologist ought to be capable of writing; but how few can! One's only criticism is the absence, becoming increasingly familiar in this year of canned books, of an index.

Apes and Monkeys is a little more serious, more intensive, but Mr. Boulenger is too skilful a writer of popular science to slab gilt on gingerbread. He has the art of blending and is always conscious of writing to the lay public—for instance: "Though the gorilla may lay first claims to scientific interest as the man-like ape anatomically most akin to ourselves, there can be no question that the chimpanzee enjoys the warmest sympathy and affection of the average human being." He goes on to suggest that a more affectionate attitude towards the gorilla may reveal unsuspected qualities of attraction. The public of Mok and Moina is, however, as I noticed the other day, becoming more awed and less amused; and so will anyone who remembers, or who looks at Mr. Boulenger's frontispiece of, Gorilla Bobby of the Berlin Zoo, weight 42 stone, and thinks of what Mok and Moina should grow up to be.

Mr. Boulenger touches on many of the salient problems of evolutionary relationships, of animal mentality and comparative and relative intelligence of species and individuals. On controversial ground he is careful to tread lightly, but he is thoroughly familiar with the authorities, Kohler, Zuckermann, Alverdes, the Kellogs, etc., and one feels that he could, to use a favourite expression of that classic Victorian naturalist the Rev. T. G. Wood, give a good account of himself if challenged at an academic discussion.

The book is divided into separate chapters dealing with the gorilla, the chimpanzee, the orang utan, the Gibbon, the baboon, the Old World monkeys and the New World monkeys, the lemurs, the loris, etc., and a pleasantly discursive finale about monkeys in folklore, legend, and religion. Mr. Boulenger even manages to add one or two new facts about Baboons to those already collected and marshalled by Dr. Zuckermann in his great monograph *The Social Life of Monkeys and Apes.* And here I would suggest one of those wild and probably worthless analogies between a human group and an animal species. For me the baboons seem to have a peculiarly sinister resemblance to the Nazis. They share with them a habit of combining together for violent collective action and an insane, anti-social tendency towards race suicide which is dismally revolting.

Of the more beautiful apes, monkeys and near relatives, the gibbons with their howls that synthesise melancholy and elation and their delirious take-offs of oriental dancing, Humbold's woolly monkey who looks like a negro page-boy, the Diana monkey with his beautiful ruff and beard, always handsome, nearly always in a rage—Mr. Boulenger tells story after story. His photographs deserve special commendation, particularly facing page 14—The Tarsius, who might be a "still" from a puppet film. The general

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effect of these books is very healthy. They help one to feel that if the human race annihilates itself it really won't matter very much.

Maurice L. Richardson

TWO LIVES AND A BIT

The Intruder. By Kenneth Walker. *Lovat Dickson.* 9*s.*

You Asked Me Why. By Dorothy Easton. *Selwyn and Blount.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

A Genius in the Family. By Hiram Percy Maxim. *Joseph.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Autobiography, like everything else, is digging at its own foundations regardless of the consequences. First-class careers are no longer first-class passages serenely pursued from the cradle to the grave. Just when we would like to believe Henley's "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul," it seems mock heroic; and the bottomless questions of philosophic doubt have invaded even Harley Street. Mr. Kenneth Walker, who meant to get there and arrived as a consulting surgeon after a most amusing career, looks back on his life with a dangerous glint in his eye. Himself, Mr. Walker says, is not worth writing about in the usual fashion (in this he is perhaps wrong); but there is something appallingly queer about himself, and in the effort to get at what this is he has used his life to illustrate the extreme singularity of the first person singular. "And each man in his time plays many parts." I will allow the dramatic metaphor, says Mr. Walker, in fact I will adopt it as my framework, but I will turn it upside down. Man does not play his parts, his parts play him. A human life is a dimly lit stage on which certain actors at intervals appear to play out, singly or in groups, parts which are unwritten, unrehearsed, unproduced. I am certainly the sum of these irresponsible figures as they strut and rant, as a crowd is the sum of its constituents, but have I any further claim to identity and its implied control? To reduce this nightmare to manageable dimensions Mr. Walker selects four actors who were heroes of his childhood: Black Hawk, the Indian brave who suffers in silence; Selous, the hard-bitten explorer who likes danger to be a little less than it appears in the telling; Knight-Paton, a mixture of crusader and missionary, hot for martyrdom to a cause; and Personage, on the look-out for greatness. This quarrelsome outfit, labelled Kenneth Walker, sets out on its journey. Its general course—public school, Cambridge, Barts, a medical knighthood, is settled by Personage. But Selous often manages to take charge at Barts, and gets away to adventures (most amusingly related) in Iceland, Africa and India. Then Personage puts his foot down: why not make a quick pot of money at this medical business and have a shot at politics? So off to Buenos Aires, where surgery strenuously combined with buying on margins nearly brings the play to an end. After that the War, which is of course Knight-Paton's opportunity. He gallops all over the front line, makes a name for himself in the application of blood transfusion to shock, and lets fly at Winston Churchill for awarding him the O.B.E. Harley Street follows, Personage being now a little battered. But long before this it is clear that there is a fifth member of this company, and that it is he whom Mr. Walker is after. He names him the Intruder. The Intruder appears only three or four times in the book, and then only momentarily, but when he does the lights go up, the strutting and the ranting cease, the actors hide themselves, there is a vision of certitude, integration, peace. In the end Mr. Walker leaves the discreet atmosphere of Harley Street and goes to a lonely place on the South Downs where, as a child, the Intruder first scattered his dreams with a shock of identity. He has travelled in a circle; his book is an unfinished portrait; perhaps the voyage of discovery is to come. Anyone who has the habit of stopping sickly in his career to say "Why on earth did I do that, say that, think that?" will get at least from this book the assurance that he is not alone in his confusion. Mr. Walker answers no questions, but he poses some of the deepest and darkest with surprising force.

You Asked Me Why is the tale of a woman of thirty, a writer, strong in mind and careless in dress, who because her family thought her queer went to live on a farm and there balanced herself precariously, with her pen and her passion for trees and for county cricket, on the difficult fringe of village life. She fell in love with a youth many years her junior, who helped his father to grow flowers. They defied the village, his connections and hers, their disparities in age, outlook and temperament, and lived for a time in hope and poverty in an attic flat in London. Then they bought a few acres of derelict land in Kent, and started market gardening with nothing but their differently expressed love of the soil and their determination to make it yield flowers for their food. This is a good slice of autobiography of the water-colour variety. The strokes are nervous and fragmentary, the colour very pure and fresh, the design uncertain in detail but bold in its final effect. Miss Easton can get a character on paper slap dash, in a few vivid dabs, so that you chuckle and don't forget after you have chuckled. She is fashionable in describing just how she bore her child; and unfashionable in her details of the difficult and chancy birth of flowers, and of their nurture by one who was an artist in his business. There is more than enough here of heartbreaking patience and resistance, of east wind, floods, moles, blights of weather and circumstance, and frosts in May; but the total effect is, as it should be, dewy of the sunrise. One lives in and learns from a book of this quick and nervous kind. Next time I visit my nurseryman I shall be humbler, and more knowledgeable.

A Genius in the Family is a truly gorgeous affair which, if it survives the depredations of my family and friends, will go on the shelf beside Clarence Day's *Life with Father*. Mr. Hiram Percy Maxim, son of Sir Hiram Maxim, writing sixty years after the extraordinary domestic events which he chronicles, begins beautifully:

> I suspect I had one of the most unusual fathers anybody ever had. I was his first born. He knew considerably less than nothing about children and he had to learn how to be a father. He learned on me.

The adventures of a celebrated engineer in making the world an even wilder and woolier place for his small boy than small boys usually find it are quite indescribable, and any one of them is unluckily too long to quote. I can only say that the ones which left me most helpless are called the double-headed penny, does Mr. William Baskerville live here, the seedy one, and the bat in the dumb waiter well. I am left wondering whether nineteenth-century fathers of the dimensions of Sir Hiram Maxim and Mr. Day, Senr., grew only in New York. Perhaps they also flourished in England, but their families, when they survived, grew up vowed to perpetual silence.

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I CANNOT recommend anyone with a queasy stomach to follow my example and read and compare *Waugh in Abyssinia* by Evelyn Waugh (Longmans, 10*s.* 6*d.*) and *Desert Encounter* by Knud Holmboe (Harrap, 9*s.*). Knud Holmboe was a young Dane who refused to go into his father's business and took to journalism in order to travel about in search of adventure. He trekked across the north of Lapland with a party of Lapps and then went to Morocco during the Riff War, visiting the front. But, besides a love of adventure, Holmboe had an unsophisticated love of justice, and as Mr. J. H. Driberg tells us in a short introduction:

> the sufferings born of the Riff campaign awoke in him such a burning sense of indignation that he felt the aggression to be a betrayal of European civilization no less than a destruction of all that he saw was fine in Moorish culture.

Like Holmboe, most of us might have written a book, or a few letters to the newspapers, but then, in the search for comfort, we should have put the sufferings of that war into that limbo where we thrust away all cruel and disagreeable memories. But Holmboe could not find comfort in that way. He was so disturbed that after a year's retirement in a French monastery, he came to the conclusion that Christianity (in which I suppose he had believed) had failed. The surprising consequence of this discovery was that, going back to Morocco, he learned Arabic and became a Mohammedan. In 1930, at the suggestion of a passing Englishman, he set off to drive from Tangier to Egypt, on his way to Mecca. His account of this attempt gives the impression that the journey was rather casually undertaken and not at all efficiently performed. The tyres of his car must have been very old, for he had hundreds of punctures; the car got stuck in sand; the radiator was allowed to freeze and crack on the Atlas Mountains and was never properly repaired, and no attempt was made to condense the water from a constantly boiling radiator. He was also bad at finding his way and got lost in the Libyan Desert and walked in circles. On the other hand, he made friends easily with the natives, falling in with cave-dwellers and chumming up with all sorts of strange people who were delighted by this unexpected visitor who could read a burial service for them from the Koran, or lead the evening prayer. It is impossible to read this first part of the trip without envying him.

* * *

Difficulties began, as might have been expected, when he left the amiable French douaniers behind and crossed the frontier into Tripoli. He was indeed placed immediately under arrest, and bullied a great deal before being allowed to proceed at his own risk from Tripoli into Cyrenaica. There the obstacles were more numerous. Under the able leadership of General Graziani, the noble Eritrean troops were hard at work in exterminating the Arab population, machine-gunning them from cars and aeroplanes, raiding the oases and blocking up the wells with concrete. It was a rehearsal for Abyssinia and Holmboe was given accounts by the Arabs of the use of poison gas. Apart from the "rebels" killed fighting in defence of their freedom, the Italians, of whom Graziani, then Governor of Cyrenaica, had the reputation of being the most bloodthirsty, were executing about thirty of the population every day, and thousands of Bedouins were shut up in concentration camps from which they had no prospect of ever getting out. Holmboe attended an interesting trial and a fair number of executions which happened to be going on when he was passing. His book is full of photographs of the victims. Since I had heard first-hand accounts of this policy of exterminating the Arabs from a friend working on the Egyptian frontier, this part of Holmboe's book was no surprise. Owing to a lucky breakdown of his car, Holmboe was shot at and captured by the "rebels," who spared his life when they found out that he was not working for the Italians but driving his own car and that he could recite the Koran. He spent the night with them, joined them in prayer and drove on next morning. Naturally the Italians disliked having a man about the place who loved the Arabs, who imitated their ways and had adopted their religion, so it is scarcely surprising that they flung him into gaol, sent him back to Benghazi, and then deported him to Egypt. The boat he was on touched at Derna, where he had been arrested.

> I wanted to go ashore, but was refused permission. Ibrahim, however, came on board, his face shining. "Allah be praised that you are free!" he said. "How are things with you in town?" "Very bad. Yesterday they shot four Bedouins and a merchant. You knew him."
>
> The siren sounded; Ibrahim went off in the dinghy, and the palms of Derna disappeared in the distance. The people and their struggle were left only as a memory, but a memory never to be forgotten. Always I see before me the patient prisoners, the salt-lakes, the smoking rifles, and the gallows.

Holmboe has since been killed somewhere south of Akaba while on his way to Mecca. His book shows that he was a delightful generous-hearted man, straightforward and brave, but lacking in tact and not very good at taking care of himself.

* * *

Evelyn Waugh is the opposite of Holmboe in every possible respect. Waugh knows that a writer's business in life is to please and to amuse, that books are only anodynes to make life easy. He has been three times to Abyssinia, which he has shown us to be a wonderful barbaric joke of a place and not unnaturally he has come to hate the Abyssinians.

> The essence of the offence was that the Abyssinians, in spite of being by any possible standard an inferior race, persisted in behaving as superiors; it was not that they were hostile, but contemptuous. The white man, accustomed to other parts of Africa, was disgusted to find the first-class carriages on the railway usurped by local dignitaries: he found himself subject to officials and villainous-looking men-at-arms whose language he did not know, who showed him no sort of preference on account of his colour, and had not the smallest reluctance to using force on him if he became truculent.

"Usurped" is good. So might a Japanese feel about hunting men in first-class carriages in Leicestershire. Mr. Waugh explains that when Italy, in spite of British opposition, secured Abyssinia membership of the League of Nations it "corresponded exactly to the present of ammunition to Menelik in 1893; the Italians had armed the Abyssinians against themselves." But it does not cross his mind that the Covenant of the League of Nations was a binding document or that Italy was bound in honour to observe it, and that the only hope for the other countries was to take action against the aggressor, and that now that they have failed, the fate of Abyssinia is likely to be theirs. His book is not really about the war, but about the absurdities which attend the life of a war correspondent who has to dish up hearsay or invent lies. Like most of us, he likes the Italian character and Italian chianti and Italian culture and this must be his reason for writing enthusiastically of the Italian conquest which is:

> the expansion of a race, not a military movement like the French occupation of Morocco . . . not a capitalistic movement like the British occupation of the South African goldfields. It is being attended by the spread of order and decency, education and medicine in a disgraceful place, but it is not primarily a humane movement . . .

After the Italian occupation he revisited Addis and: "It was a revelation to me to see how little damage a bomb does," and "at no time was gas or yperite very effective as a lethal weapon. Nor was it primarily used as such," but rather "to sterilise the bush." Mr. Waugh says little about the Italian habit of persistently bombing Red Cross units, the nature of which, as every pilot knows, could not possibly have been mistaken from the air, and he rhapsodises rather unduly over the spectacle of seeing Italians, white men, working at the building of a road. After all, there must be a division of labour, and the Eritreans were doing the fighting. However, Addis is very much the same, only "the taxis had disappeared from the streets. So had the natives." He does not tell us how many of them that "most amiable and sensible man," Graziani, is hanging and shooting every day. DAVID GARNETT

FAR EASTERN IMPERIALISM

Japan's Feet of Clay. By FREDA UTLEY. *Faber and Faber.* 15*s.*

Japan, though hated by almost every Englishman who knows the Far East, is loved by our Admiralty and Foreign Office, which are led by fear of Bolshevism to adopt policies that every well-informed person can see to be contrary to British interests. But well-informed persons, where Japan is concerned, are few, and most of them have reasons for not speaking out. When our Government allowed Japan to seize Manchuria, there was no effective opposition, partly from ignorance, and partly from fear of war. Miss Utley maintains that there need have been no fear of war, because Japan is so vulnerable economically that the mere threat of loss of trade with America and the British Empire would suffice to produce submission. This, however, is only an incidental argument in her book, which sets forth, convincingly, lucidly, and as eloquently as statistics will permit, the whole national economy of Japan and its effect upon Japanese politics. No one who wishes to have an opinion on international questions should fail to read this book, which gives absolutely reliable information not to be obtained elsewhere without years of research.

Miss Utley's knowledge of the economic life of Japan is amazing. She knows not only all ascertainable statistics, such as: how much of superphosphates is imported, and from which countries; what proportion of a peasant's rice crop goes in rent, taxes, fertilisers, etc., and how much is left for his wife and children after he has fed himself—not on the rice that he grows, but on inferior foods that he buys; exactly how the productivity of labour in Japan compares with that of other countries; and so on. In addition to these general facts, she knows concretely how the people live, and shows just how this affects the politics of the country and inspires the quasi-Fascist plots and mutinies. Her thesis is stated frankly in the Introduction:

> The real Japan is a country of half-starved peasants; of children working long hours and always hungry as in England a century ago; of women whose status, rich or poor, is practically that of slaves and whose picturesque kimonos mock the misery and frustration of their lives; of workers without rights to combine in trade unions or to form political parties to further their interests and improve their medieval standard of life; of women dragging coal in the mines like pit ponies; of sweated domestic industry with women and children working 14 or 15 hours a day for 2*d.* or 3*d.*; of crowded prisons and Asiatic torture practised to extract evidence; of murderous gangsters uncontrolled by the police; of deep-seated and widespread corruption blighting the nation's strength and poisoning its political life; of extreme contrasts between immense wealth and abject poverty; of extreme social tension and revolutionary ferment. The real Japan is a seething cauldron of misery and injustice, social hatreds, revengeful passions, hysteria and chauvinism; a country of continuous conflict between landowners and tenants, employers and workers, monopolists and small industrialists, and also between men and women and between the young and the old.

Every item in this description is proved methodically and remorselessly, with all the demonstrative force of a theorem in Euclid. For the admirers of Japan it leaves no loophole except wilful ignorance.

The first part of the book is concerned with Japan's poverty in raw materials: "an iron production only one-third that of the Malay States"; "a little less pig iron than Luxemburg"; "for China's coal to be of real use to the Japanese, they must also acquire the iron ore of Malaya, the Philippines, etc."; "it is China which supplies 63 per cent. of the world's production of tungsten and 80 per cent. of its antimony"; and so on. Silk exports, mainly to the United States, have sunk catastrophically since 1931. "Even in order to exist by processing raw materials, Japan must depend mainly on the goodwill of the British Empire and the Dutch East Indies and on the goodwill, or the political control, of China." The conclusion drawn is that the British Empire and the United States could very quickly ruin Japan by refusing to trade with her, and that the threat of economic sanctions would inevitably produce submission. As to this, however, I cannot help thinking that Miss Utley has been misled, partly by Communist optimism, partly by a too exclusive concentration on economic as opposed to military considerations, and partly by the tacit assumption that Japan could not obtain help from European allies.

The account of agriculture produces an effect similar to that of the Hammonds' *Village Labourer*, though the gloom is even darker than that of England a century ago. Two-thirds of the cultivators have farms of 2½ acres or less; most of them are tenants, paying a fixed rent in kind, which usually amounts to about half the produce; of the remainder, some is taken in taxes and more has to be spent on fertilisers. The consequence, since the depression, has been that most peasant families have not enough to eat, and in many districts there has been famine. The only resource of the peasant is to sell his daughters, either for life to the brothels, or for a term of years to the cotton factories. In some villages, according to the Japanese newspapers, no girls are left. The *Japan Times*, for example, stated in 1932 that "in Niigata prefecture young women of marriageable age are scarce, as most of them have been sold off and there is a growing tendency to sell even primary school children. The prices for children are about 100 yen for third grade pupils, and about 400 yen for those who have finished school." The school children are starving, and the Government has enormous stocks of rice which it cannot dispose of; but it refuses to use any of it to save the children. No other means of livelihood is open to their fathers: "Expulsion from the rice fields dooms the peasant to starvation. . . There is no opening in industry. . . . Expulsion means death." This is because the bulk of Japanese industry is carried on by girls, men being little employed except in armaments. It is on the labour of girls sold by starving parents that the Japanese export trade has been built up.

Japanese industrialists, and their governmental allies, keep the population poor so as to have cheap labour with which to flood foreign markets, with the result that the home market is almost non-existent. Their sweated products bring ruin to Lancashire, and so misery is spread round the world, because the Japanese Government sacrifices its subjects to military "glory" and the wealth of a handful of monopolists.

It seems to be an economic law that industry, in its early stages, must be built upon agricultural misery. It was so in England when the enclosures provided an urban proletariat; it was so in Germany, where the survivals of serfdom on the large estates east of the Elbe made young men willing, at all costs, to escape into the towns; it was so in America, where the industrial workers were supplied by the starving immigrant peasants from Ireland, Italy, Poland, etc.; it has been so (though this Miss Utley, in common with other Communists, might not admit) in Soviet Russia, where the five year plan has been accompanied by the deportation and starvation of vast numbers of "kulaks"; and it is so in modern Japan. There are special features in each case: England specialised in children, Japan specialises in girls, because of the complete subjection of women. But the general pattern is always the same.

Miss Utley believes that Japan is as near to revolution as was Tsarist Russia just before 1905. The works of Marx, Engels, and Lenin, though their translators are punished, are sold by the hundred thousand, and read as only popular novels are read in England. The small landowners, the middle class, and the junior army officers are desperately poor, and in a revolutionary mood, but their programme is a muddle-headed anti-capitalist Fascism which will have to be seen through before a revolution can succeed.

The conclusion drawn is that any check, even a minor military defeat or a diplomatic humiliation, would cause the regime to collapse, and that only through revolution can any real economic improvement be effected. If the reactionary extremists control policy, they must, Miss Utley believes, bring defeat and revolution; but "if moderate statesmen maintain the grip on the helm of State which they are now trying desperately to maintain in face of murder, terror and threats, and if the Western Powers continue to give financial and political support to these same 'moderates,' then Japan may one day forge for herself feet of iron instead of feet of clay." For the sake of China, for the sake of the world, and even of Japan, we must hope that this attempt will fail.

Japan's Feet of Clay is the most remarkable book that I have read for a long time. In spite of being in the highest degree solid and informative, it is always interesting and often exciting. It gives a complete picture of a very strange country, ultra-modern as regards armaments and the great Mitsui and Mitsubishi trusts, mediaeval as regards handicrafts and the family, but in its ideology and clan organisation retaining much that belongs to stages before civilisation, and can only be rightly understood through the study of anthropology. It makes one ashamed of being English to reflect that the power of our country has been and is being used to help these cruel barbarians to rivet slavery upon China, and ultimately upon the whole East; and that not for any genuine British interest, but owing to the ignorance of certain admirals and Foreign Office officials. If this ignorance survives the publication of Miss Utley's book, it will have become criminal.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

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CEU CAELUM CEU ROMA TONAT

A Handbook of Latin Literature. By PROFESSOR H. J. ROSE F.B.A. *Methuen.* 21s.

The historian of Ancient Literature is under difficulties unfelt by his modern colleagues. The record is so fragmentary, that the individual writers stand in unreal isolation; and so capricious that any judgment of general scope is subject to grave uncertainty. The survival of Catullus, for example, hung for centuries on a single codex, and if it had been lost, what else is there to suggest that Latin poetry was capable of *Sirmio*, or the *Epithalamium*, or

> Montium domina ut fores
> Silvarumque sonantium,
> Saltuumque reconditorum,
> Amniumque sonantum?

The artistic historian can skim from island to island, just indicating the lie of the lost continent, and pointing out some coral fragment which time has thrown on the beach. So conceived, Dr. Mackail's book has been a delight to many who would be hard put to it to construe the first chapter of the Gallic War. A friend once found Lord Cromer finishing it. "This book," he said, "ought to be written in letters of gold on the walls of every University." The proconsular edict has not, I believe, been executed. Perhaps Lord Nuffield will do something about it.

The encyclopaedist cannot skim, and he is distracted between the people who must be mentioned because everybody has heard of them and those who must be mentioned because no one has heard of them. This distraction has left its mark on Professor Rose's book. I cannot quite make out whom it is intended for. Few students of the classics, I hope and believe, need to be told that the Metelli are not to be pronounced Metal Eye, or Severus sever us, but the index-maker, though otherwise so helpful, has left the scansion of Priapus in a decent ambiguity. Those who need an abstract of the Aeneid, book by book, can hardly follow an argument on the authenticity of the Appendix Vergiliana, while those who can presumably know what the Aeneid is about already. Though, really, in these days, one is never sure, and those who are doing Latin literature for some practical and productive purpose will find in the Handbook a detailed chart and map of the submerged Atlantis, many useful references to previous works on the subject, interspersed with brief appraisements of the island-peaks. I am rather glad that it was not administered to my tender years: *inter pericula infantiae non numerabam educatorem.*

But—how fast we are leaving those islands astern,

> Olearum, niveamque Parum, sparsasque per undas
> Cycladas.

Some years ago, Wilamowitz-Moellendorf, with the generosity he always showed where English scholarship was concerned, wrote of "the proud and tenacious" traditions of the English Universities, thanks to which we had incorporated classical culture in our own. But he warned us that unless we learnt something from German notions of productive research, we should find that culture getting out of date. Well, since then we have become much more researchful and productive. But are we better educated? I am afraid that in the humanistic studies too much research tends rather to drive the culture out of the system. If the alternative were absolute, I would much rather have a hundred people, all interested, all out of date, and all wrong, than one man right and the rest ignorant, whether with the ignorance of indifference or the more poisonous ignorance of passive reception.

> Elbe nor Weser tempt my stay;
> Germany! beware the day
> When thy schools again bear sway.

There are times when I feel that the accelerating efficiency of modern scholarship is being used to carry us farther from the classics than to bring us nearer: and that is a misfortune.

Not that classical culture is necessary for any individual among us, but because we need it as a race to correct certain mischievous habits of our own begetting. Language is the primary mode of communication between minds, and our rich vocabulary and flexible syntax are a constant temptation to vague, facile and ambiguous utterance. To keep the channels of communication clear we need a constant discipline in some mode of speech which is subject to strict prescription and which shies at abstractions; and where there is a right and a wrong way of putting everything. Modern languages cannot help us: they are too close at hand. Neither can Greek; it is too like our own, and runs too easily into the same faults. We need the Latin control: I believe to-day we need it more than ever, and if I were asked what it can do for us I should say: read Hooker. Out of a mixture of pedantry, rattletrap, and cleverness, shapeless, barbarous, and affected, he created a language adequate for any purpose of serious discourse. Consider, in particular, his descant on the order of nature, the earliest passage, I suppose, of sustained eloquence in English, and still one of the greatest. It is adapted from a pious windbag of the fourth century A.D. by name Arnobius. But Arnobius could still write the Latin sentence, with its tail in its mouth and no loose ends, which says all that it means to say and no more, and then does not just leave off, but snaps to like a bracelet; and Hooker was wise enough to learn the lesson.

It is the Roman way of speaking, and for its origins we are to look, I suppose, to the conversational Latin of the Roman nobility in its greatest days, between the Punic wars, modulated to suit the different atmospheres of the Curia and the Forum. It needs an audience: it lacks intimacy: it is never in undress. It is certainly not to be imitated. But always there will be some to whom its compactness and grandeur will appeal, as a corrective to the looseness and cheapness which do so easily beset us. We have so many words and so many ways of putting them together that at times it does not seem to matter which word we choose, or where it goes. We are afraid of rhetoric, and not knowing very clearly what rhetoric is, we are the more ready dupes of the honest Iagos of literature, of the plain blunt man, who is no orator, as Brutus is, but only speaks right on, who tells us that which we ourselves do know, and leads us unwitting by the ears. My defence of Latin would be that in Latin literature we are in constant converse with the one race to whom grandeur of speech was as natural as lucidity to the French. The true Latin phrase is never oracular, never pretentious, but simply and instinctively great, whether it is written by an unknown hand for a soldier's grave:

> Imperium asseruit non sibi sed patriae:

spluttered by drunk freedmen at the table of Trimalchio—

> Sed rectus, sed certus, amicus amico—

or inscribed by the Canadian people on the grave of Montcalm and Wolfe:

> Mortem virtus communem
> Famam historia
> Monumentum posteritas
> Dedit.

"If it were not for the sound of Rome, you could hear the rising and the setting of the sun." G. M. YOUNG

MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF

Fountains of Youth: The Life of Marie Bashkirtseff. By DORMER CRESTON. *Thornton Butterworth.* 15s.

> Ne cherchez pas autre chose que ce qu'il y a dans ce journal, je suis scrupuleuse. . . . Je me reproduis aussi exactement que me le permet mon pauvre esprit. Et si on ne me croit pas, si on cherche à voir au delà ou en dedans de ce que je dis, tant pis! On ne verra rien, car il n'y a rien.

On the whole, Miss Creston has respected the warning: her book is little more than a *résumé*, an introduction to Marie Bashkirtseff. Anything else, after the Journals, would be impertinent. The life recorded in them was all a failure—"tant d'aspirations, tant de désirs, de projets, tant de . . . pour mourir à vingt-quatre ans, au seuil de tout"; but the record itself is an achievement defying the annotator. We need not see its precocious accomplishment as a gift from heaven. Still earlier, Marie had no doubt worked hard at her talent; but there is equally no doubt that at twelve years old she possessed it fully. Nothing can be added to her self-portrait as a little girl, watching from the terrace at Nice for some chance glimpse of the Duke of Hamilton.

Indeed the peculiar crystal charm of that first epoch makes it, in a certain sense, her high-water mark. All the elements are present: the naive arrogance, the immense aspirations, the "fièvre de la vie" of which she herself was so proudly conscious:

> Dans cet abattement et dans cette douleur affreuse de tous les instants, je ne maudis pas la vie, au contraire, je l'aime et je la trouve bonne. . . . Et tout en demandant le bonheur, je me trouve heureuse d'être misérable. Ce n'est plus moi qui me trouve ainsi; mon corps pleure et crie; mais quelque chose dans moi, qui est au-dessus de moi, se réjouit de tout.

What is more, at twelve or thirteen she was already objective, and, in flashes, wonderfully clear-sighted; she had already the

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beginnings of that detachment which was the complement of her *fièvre*, and runs through the whole journal. Only, so far, it almost baffled her powers of language.

> Tout ce que je dis n'est pas encore mon fond, je n'en ai pas. Je ne vis qu'en dehors. Rester ou aller, avoir ou n'avoir pas, m'est égal ; mes chagrins, mes joies, mes peines n'existent pas.

To sum her up as an egoist seems to me quite pointless. The journal is not the portrait of a finished character, it is a record of growth. At twelve, Marie was, with all her absurdities, inimitably complete and charming ; at fifteen, she was insufferable ; later, she "pulled herself up," and from that time her development in mind and feeling will surprise anyone who remembers that she had nothing, or rather worse than nothing, to start from, no one to direct her, no one even to compare herself with. She was entirely self-made.

Whether she had genius outside her diary must remain a question ; she herself grew doubtful. At moments, she felt that a great woman artist was an impossibility ; independence in trifles, absolute freedom to come and go, "cette liberté-là est la moitié du talent et les trois quarts du bonheur ordinaire." And again : "Homme, j'aurais conquis l'Europe. Jeune fille, je me dissipais en excès de langage et en niaiseries excentriques. Misère ! "

But perhaps her misfortune was less in being a girl than in being a pretty girl. For she was all along distracted by the possibility of marriage as an *alternative*, of "la gloire" by proxy. She might shine as the wife of a Duke of Hamilton—or, later, of a Gambetta—or, last of all, of a Balzac, a man of genius. "Et dire qu'il est mort, Balzac ! . . . On ne peut connaitre le bonheur d'aimer, qu'en aimant un homme de génie universel."

This unlucky notion, which she entertained all her life in some shape or other, took from her even the use of her advantages as a charming woman : just as her sex got in the way of ambition, ambition got in the way of her sexual life. In love as in everything else she expected too much, she wanted the absolute. With an ideal object, a "duc de H. . . ." or a Balzac, she would not have been ashamed to let herself go ; but, short of that, she was too conscious of derogating—and too much on the alert for humiliations. When she felt a man becoming important to her, just to be on the safe side she had to snub him : the usual result on his affections may be imagined. Miss Creston observes that "Marie had been brought up on the curious assumption that cutting observations from a woman serve to display her piquancy and charm" ; undoubtedly she did expect anything to charm which was said with sprightliness, but it was not only that. And she made the same blunder in those pathetic anonymous letters to Goncourt, Zola or Maupassant ; she would begin—"Monsieur : Like everyone else I have read your book, and between ourselves it is full of platitudes," or end up, "I don't suppose you will answer this : I'm told that in actual life you are a complete bourgeois." Naturally, she got no relief here from her isolation. ("Les douleurs des gens, devenus célèbres ensuite, sont racontées par leurs amis, car on a des amis, des gens avec lesquels on cause. Je n'en ai pas.")

At twelve years old, Marie Bashkirtseff had planned herself a neat future :

> Je suis faite pour des triomphes et des émotions ; donc le mieux que j'ai à faire, c'est de me faire cantatrice. Et c'est par là que je puis avoir celui que j'aime. . . . Quand il me verra entourée de gloire et de triomphe ! . . . Les hommes sont ambitieux. Et je puis être reçue dans le monde . . . je suis noble, je n'ai pas besoin de faire quelque chose, mes moyens me le permettent, donc j'aurai encore plus de gloire et de facilité a m'élever. Comme cela ma vie sera parfaite.

"Tant d'aspirations, tant de désirs, de projets. . . ." In reality, life was to bring her no happiness equal to that childish passion for a man seen "ten or twelve times in the street," who did not know she existed.

Miss Creston has told the story as it ought to be told, mainly in quotation or paraphrase from the journals. I think she gives too much space to Marie's "toquades passagères," and yet views them too simply ; in particular, she has not brought out the unique status of that first flirtation, with Antonelli, which was such a blow to Marie's youthful self-confidence, and from which, obviously, her emotional life never quite recovered. Also, I doubt if anyone who had not read the journal—and of course, the book is meant for those who have not—would get a sufficient idea of Marie's intellectual qualities, or even of the extent to which she grew up. But admittedly it is hard to deal with such abundance of material in small compass.

I hope it is not niggling to add that there are a good many slips. For instance, "la femme que je décris" does not mean "the woman I decry," nor does "en appeler de quoi, de ce que je n'ai pas de talent ?" mean "call for what, seeing that I have no talent ?"

K. JOHN

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Self-love must always make us peculiarly interested in the lives of the obscure of another historical period. The historian tells us of the monuments of the exalted, the average laws of behaviour, the civic triumphs and catastrophes, but pays little attention to our first question, which is : "What should I have done if I'd been there ?" We want to know what kind of a job we should have had, how much money we should have made, what we should have eaten, what hobbies we should have taken up, what sort of things would have irritated or amused us. Only when these questions have been answered is our curiosity really free to consider the distinguished and the eccentric. Because Mr. Mottram does really answer them, his *Portrait of an Unknown Victorian*, in spite of the fact that he sometimes writes like a Cabinet Minister, is a fascinating book.

He has been lucky in finding a subject who was not only perfectly fitted by career to his needs but who also had an excellent memory. He really was the average man. The average man must feel perfectly at home in the life and standards of his class, he must be successful but not too successful, he must have some unspectacular triumphs and reverses, a slight peculiarity or two, and at least one high moment of exceptional behaviour. The subject of this portrait was a dissenter who just remembered Queen Victoria's coronation and died, apparently, during the Great War ; he worked for fifty years in a private bank in Norwich, and rose to be chief cashier ; his triumphs were becoming organiser of the orchestra at the musical festival and Counter at the reformed elections ; his reverses, the loss of his first wife and becoming too old for his work ; his heroic moments, when he

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sent for the military during a fire and when in his old age he took matters out of the hands of a feeble chairman; his peculiarities, his musical talent and above all his absolute but quite unambitious devotion to his work.

Mr. Mottram has painted his portrait with exemplary care, so that we watch it growing and ageing like a living person and even the most trivial detail seems significant. We learn, for example, how an attempt to interest the boy in Wordsworth somehow failed, how the young man of the 'fifties took to the Volunteer movement and the cold bath, but the middle-aged man of the 'seventies could not take to the bicycle, that the Devil's Walk amused him, but not the chapter in *Poor Jack* about spontaneous combustion, that the new atmosphere of the 'sixties, typified in political life by the abolition of public executions, the Education Bill and the Ballot Act, was reflected in one private life by the development of an interest in the microscope. Like most average men he met some distinguished ones. In his case they were mostly musicians; but he saw Dickens and disliked his tie, he met Wilde at lunch and foretold his end; he met Galsworthy on business and was impressed, and his second wife gave Mr. Gladstone a cup of tea.

As we finish the book with the memory of this hard-working man, just and merciful in all his dealings, we are tempted to forget that the average man is always the average man of a class, in this case of the lower middle-class, a man living in an agricultural part of the country, where, when disasters occurred, they were small enough to be dealt with by the local subscriptions of a few public-spirited rich men. Mr. Mottram himself does not seem to have escaped this temptation. It may be enough for the private individual only "always to try to do what is right," but the historian is required to think. Mr. Mottram gives way to machine-hating—"the shadow of a machine fell across the path of human progress"—and to the specious view that the present state of Europe is simply due to naughtiness, to not being Victorian.

> When the earth rattled on his coffin it was Peace and Prosperity that were being buried. When they cut his name on the stone that stood in line with his father's and grandfather's, they might just as well have inscribed: "Here lies twenty shillings in the pound." For, by then, most of the nations of Europe were fatally and finally bankrupt, and the curious process of governing people by forcing them to do what they do not want, was inevitable because well-being had been blown to pieces by intricate devices . . . he represented the achievement of a great time and was content to merge in it. Something like it will certainly return. The day will come again when people prefer to be honest, sane and tolerant—in a word, scrupulous.

They will, but only when, not only our political leaders, but the average man have learned to combine this unknown Victorian's devotion to work and integrity of life with a capacity for "abstract thought and impersonal consideration" of the society in which of necessity they live, but which it is in their power consciously to change.

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LANTERN SLIDES

A Page from the Past. MEMORIES OF THE EARL OF DESART BY HIMSELF AND HIS DAUGHTER, LADY SYBIL LUBBOCK. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Unluckily Lord Desart did not begin writing his Memoirs until he was eighty-four, and he died before he had carried them beyond his introduction to adult life and London Society. His daughter, Lady Sybil Lubbock, has carried on and completed the story, not as a formal biography, but with what one may call an urbane garrulity—anecdotes and descriptions of nature composing into an uncommonly agreeable picture of the past. Lord Desart was the younger son of an Irish Peer; he served as a midshipman in a sailing man-of-war, he went to Trinity, Cambridge, as a Gentleman Commoner, and then became Solicitor to the Treasury. He played some part in politics as a Southern Unionist, who perceived the necessity for compromise, but the chief interest of this book is in the views of a vanished world which, like a magic-lantern, it projects for us.

Lord Desart's mother, a daughter of the second Lord Cawdor, was a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, the Lady Ellesmere of the time was his aunt, and he married a daughter of the fourth Lord Harewood—a love-match which met with great opposition because of his poverty. Thus he moved from the first in grandee circles, and gives entertaining pictures of visits to Chatsworth, in which great house there were no bells, as it was assumed that every guest would bring with him a servant, who would wait outside his bedroom, and to Belvoir, where:

> The band performed every night, and after dinner played a few bars of a quadrille tune, and played no more till some of the party formed up in their places for the dance. It was really very funny. All the guests, ranging in age from sixty and seventy downwards, joined in the quadrille, not walking through the figures in the usual way, but dancing the steps with great agility, in some cases with a graceful technique; and it happened every night. Afterwards there was a valse and a polka for the young people, but the quadrille was *de rigueur* before these more frivolous measures.

His father not only read Latin as easily, he tells us, as a novel, but wrote English verses fluently—an accomplishment almost usual in his generation and class. Staying at Blenheim, he met Dizzy.

> Disraeli was very alarming to a young man. I met Gladstone in later life more than once, and it was easy to talk to him, because he had the tradition of Eton and Oxford behind him and knew how to approach an English boy; he had a very sympathetic manner. Dizzy on the other hand was extremely exotic; I remember his taking my hand between his two hands, pressing it warmly, and saying something like this: "My dear boy, I am so glad to meet you; your parents are the two most beautiful people I ever saw." That frightens an English boy; he does not know what the answer is. I am sure I did not.

In these grand houses the children were kept out of sight—and hearing—in remote wings, to which the mother rarely, the father never, penetrated. On one occasion, Lady Sybil tells us, her grandfather stopped a perambulator containing a pair of fine rosy children and asked their nurse whose boys they were. "Yours, my Lord," was the surprised but still respectful reply.

Lady Sybil tells us of her mother's trousseau—"twelve dozen of everything and all of the best; so much so that to my certain knowledge she was still wearing her trousseau nightgowns and petticoats after forty years." There was also "enough silver plate and cutlery, glass and china to have enabled them to entertain half London."

> Her great-aunt Charlotte, Duchess of Buccleuch, when she looked at the silver in its shining array, turned to my mother and said, "My dear, I have a valuable piece of advice to give you. I hear you will not be very well off. Take my advice and have all this silver gilt: it takes far less cleaning and will save your servants a deal of trouble."

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Those to whose sense of the past such trivial but revealing anecdotes appeal are strongly recommended to read this book. Lord Desart himself emerges as a most gracious and distinguished figure. His daughter neatly summarises one of his characteristics—"He never flouted convention any more than he believed in it." And when he heard his daughters as children say to a small cousin who was a Home Ruler, that they "hated" Mr. Gladstone, "Don't be silly, children," he said rather sharply: "You don't hate people for their opinions—only the uneducated do that." There is indeed much in this delightful book which excites a not altogether sentimental regret for a vanished past. R. M.

"A GREATLY RESPECTED ZERO"

Hindenburg, the Wooden Titan. By JOHN W. WHEELER-BENNETT. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

So potent did the Hindenburg Legend become that even among Englishmen there is a feeling that to criticise the Field-Marshal is to hit Germany below the belt. This account of Hindenburg's famous years comes from the pen of an author who is wholly innocent of sympathy for "Marxism" even when that word is most extravagantly interpreted. Few people are entitled to speak with greater authority than Mr. Wheeler-Bennett of the personalities prominent in Germany since 1914, and the restraint with which he writes makes his verdict upon Hindenburg even more damning than it otherwise would be—a verdict, by the way, which to Mr. Wheeler-Bennett himself had once seemed "little short of blasphemy." It is only occasionally that he comments upon that ungenerous shirking of responsibility which culminated in Hindenburg's behaviour towards Gröner over the question of the Kaiser's abdication. It is only occasionally that he points a finger at that childish vanity which was so ready to accept the praise that the achievements of other people had deserved. Mr. Wheeler-Bennett does well to publish enlarged photographs of the coins issued in 1929 to celebrate ten years of Weimar with the head of Hindenburg on one side and "True to the Constitution" on the other. In Berlin, one day in 1933, Edgar Mowrer suddenly took one of these coins from his pocket. "Look," he said, with that dramatic sincerity which is characteristic of him, "these will soon be withdrawn; keep this one always, so that you can never forget the greatest perfidy in history."

For Hindenburg betrayed Ludendorff, William II, Gröner, Brüning and Schleicher; he betrayed his electors of 1925 and his electors of 1932. It was, in a sense, innocent treachery each time, but the story of Hindenburg's triple career makes one realise that this is the falsest treachery of all. For the treachery of the stupid person is more complete, because it is totally unexpected. Who could have thought, when this simple old man clasped the hand of another in both his own, that Judas could be so completely disguised? ". . . Give me your word that now . . . you will not desert me," said Hindenburg to Brüning in January, 1930; in May, 1932, "as he passed Brüning without a glance, he muttered, 'Now I can have a Cabinet of my friends.'" Even that celebrated nervous control melts away under an analysis which reveals the Field-Marshal as a "phlegmatic and nerveless character"; how else, indeed, should one explain the extraordinary fact that "war suited Hindenburg, as he said, like a summer holiday."

The importance of this book is that it finally disposes of the Hindenburg Legend; its tremendous readability, however, lies in what Mr. Wheeler-Bennett has to tell us about quite other people, for everyone else whom he mentions provides greater interest than Hindenburg. Mr. Wheeler-Bennett is, of course, faced with that disillusionment which seems to overtake all those who dip beneath the surface of the contemporary history of Germany and find themselves a little sickened by faction, intrigue and brutality, whether they consider the quarrel between Falkenhayn and the men behind Hindenburg during the war, or the ways of the "Camarilla" in 1932 or the series of political murders all along. The admirable integrity, intelligence and courage of Wilhelm Gröner and Heinrich Brüning light up a dark sky. Without political sympathy for either, one would still find it impossible to ignore the unflinching fineness with which they faced fearful situations and volunteered as the scapegoats for other people's sins. The astounding largeness of Brüning's vision, the revision proposals to King Albert in April, 1932, the approach to Dr. Benes with regard to a wide economic co-operation which should prevent the emergence of antagonistic blocks, make tragic reading to-day.

Lastly, all readers will enjoy Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's flair for piquancy. The story of how Ludendorff, by sending Lenin to Russia, laid the foundation of the U.S.S.R., though familiar, remains irresistibly fascinating, and it was Schleicher, not Tardieu, who wrecked Brüning's negotiations with France in the spring of 1932. Most entertaining of all is the news that the National Socialists ultimately owe to a British General that potent slogan of the "stab in the back." ELIZABETH WISKEMANN

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Few columns in the press have more optimistic titles than this. "New Novels" are only newly furnished; the novelty of the few stories that there are has long since been worn down to its bony framework. Like the adaptable pasteboard that serves so well in Hollywood, this little team of skeletons can be used for almost anything. The same pitiable sticks can be a setting for Pride, Prejudice or Fortitude, for *Headlong Hall* or *Howard's End*. If now and then a rattle escapes them, you may not blame them, the author should have packed them more firmly with his own experience—at their age old bones are entitled to some consideration. The arrival of a completely new novel in this world would be as staggering as the appearance of a completely new moon. "How do you like the new moon, Sir? How do you like the idea that from now on, two of these luminous bodies will attend the earth?" our reporter asked Mr. H. S. last Thursday. His reply was guarded. "I have not yet heard from Lord Ottercove, what he thinks," he said, "but they both seem to me very pretty; very pretty and remarkably well made." Harvest moons, Sturm

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and Drang moons, lovers' moons—all the versions of our work-a-day moon—they waxed last year and they will probably come out again next year (in the sixpenny editions). But the entirely new moon does not appear. Without the sun our moons would be poor and lifeless things. To reflect the sun's life and energy is their only purpose—their beauty is symbolical—living only in the imagination of the beholder. In this sense Mr. Gerhardi's *Of Mortal Love* is like a lunar rainbow. It reflects—as the moon's light refracted by a shower—a passing phase. Quite briefly it is the shallow curve of a modern she-rake's progress—neither starting very low, nor landing very high. Dinah begins as a reader of Corisande—and ends, her ambition achieved, among the figures she loved to read about. From a tasteful flat in Hampstead to Charles Street, W., by way of the Café Royal, The Berkeley Grill and Claridges is no great distance. Mr. Gerhardi's novel is not wide in scope. His theme—that in mortal love the human foible is to undervalue what you have and crave what you have not, is perfectly trite—as trite as any moon that arrives to blight a modern unromantic's hopes of keeping sentiment out of love; it is simple, round and obvious and dripping with the hated feeling. "Beano" who was Dinah's second post-marital love "would suddenly rise in the middle of the night and go out by himself to look at the moon." They were on Lake Como, so there was some excuse. But to Walter (her first post-marital love and more or less the hero of this book) it seemed so ghastlily obvious as to be intolerable. He could not understand how Dinah could like that sort of thing—even prefer it, to his own sceptical realism. But to the reader the reason is all too clear. Baby talk, ominous and inappropriate, started on page 14. Dinah's skin might have been luminous as alabaster lighted from within, but it was also thick. She loved the obvious—Dinah is an unsympathetic character. One reads the book to find out how Mr. Gerhardi and Walter are getting on with her. All pages with Walter on them are recommended, and he is on nearly every page.

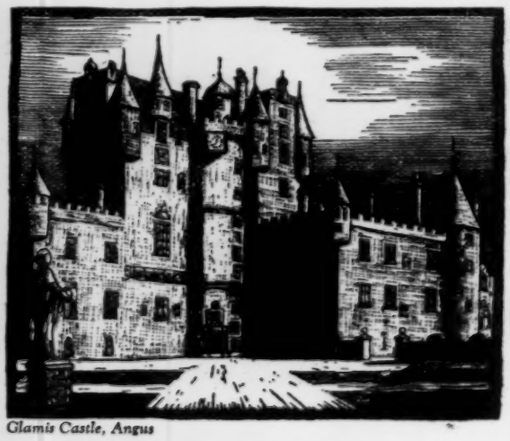
The editors of the sophisticated shiny fashion magazines, where for the benefit of the suburbs who buy them, the rich and lovely dress, cook, eat and talk, have no surer touch than Mr. Gerhardi. He has created a blissful atmosphere of comfortable semi-bohemian, semi-social, middle-class life—not quite rich, but with endless money for lunches and taxis. This is the quality I suppose that will sell the book, and that poisons my pleasure with feelings of sin. Though the phase it reflects is still going on, it is already in the past. The new generations stagger less to the Berkeley Grill, more to hear Harry Pollitt. For all Mr. Gerhardi's quips and inconsequentiality (in the Russian manner), this is a wicked bourgeois novel, a vice for the self-indulgent.

A moral antidote to Mr. Gerhardi's rant is Mr. Masefield's *Eggs and Baker*. Like most anti-toxins it is itself a poison. Where Mr. Gerhardi is cynical and impartial, Mr. Masefield is humanitarian and Christian. His baker, personally so meek, feels no ban on aggression where others are concerned. Injustice is his enemy and the mainspring of his life. To mark the difference between the baker's Christian Socialism (1870 variety) and a really nasty Radical, Mr. Masefield introduces one. To show the quality of practical Christianity as opposed to any old idealism, the parson is allowed to speak up for himself. He explains that things are bad, dreadful even, but that it is difficult to remedy them, that the authorities alone have power to improve conditions and they do nothing if they are annoyed. That annoyance is the force of Mr. Masefield's parable. The fight against squalor and poverty and the defence of a poor half-wit product of that squalor are the twin issues. Mr. Masefield's prose is lucid with no affectation unless it be of purity. His characters are clearly but uncompromisingly drawn, they move like puppets. *Eggs and Baker* after all its eloquence has died down is plain fare, homely as a Victorian brick cottage.

Windless Sky is not so clear. Mr. Masefield's landscape—though it was sixty years old, looked much the same as an English scene to-day. Neat hedges, neat lanes—a countryside not so much beautiful as demurely pretty. The boys that played in his fields might have been by Henry S. Tuke and the fields by Arnesby Brown. If Mr. Fritz Faulkner is not related to Mr. William, they have a remarkable swarthiness in common. There is very little August light in his description of life in a backwood country of America in the '70's. Here the roads are dark, overhung by the forest that seems to cut off the village from the rest of the world. At night the river slides past, black and silent. Rowlandson at his most uncongenial is the illustrator here. Ragged viragoes, great flabby yokels, scarecrow youths with sullen eyes inhabit "Landing." The lighting is melodramatic—the author throws a rush-light only on the smoky obscurity of his scene. After some time the eyes become accustomed to the dark. The heavy brutal German-Americans that live in the settlement separate themselves from the syntactical gloom. Squire Hedman—a terrible man—his distant and indifferent wife (called "the mother"), the first-born (called the priest because of his learning and his piety), are the aristocrats of the district, the rest go more or less in fear of them. The valley is melancholy—as though there could be nothing sharp nor shining in it, like some valleys divined by Poe. The language is poetic, almost biblical, prodigal of details and stingy with explanations. This is not, at the start, an easy book to read, but it is worth the effort. It is more noble than the others.

Marina Yurlova's *Russia Farewell* is another chapter of the autobiography she began with *Cossack Girl*. That it reads more like fiction than fact must be the excuse for including a notice of it in this review. "I arrived in Vladivostok from Harbin about noon," is her first line. She arrived in her tattered Cossack uniform, wounded, a straggler from the defeated White Army. After struggling some way in mud and fog, she found or was found by a drunken Russian soldier who helped her to the hospital. Next morning she woke up in a hospital ward with two colonels and a lieutenant, all three very Russian as we understand it. "'Confound these flies!' said the one Colonel. Colonel Selov heard the disturbance, gulped and sat up in bed, 'There are always stray flies and stray people.' 'There are stray mosquitoes also,' grumbled his friend." They argue nearly all the time—often about foreign countries. "'What history book did you have at your Academy? The one by Nekrasoff? Well on page 329 do you not remember reading about a good-looking girl who wore a feather in her hair? That was an American.'" After she left the hospital the game goes on more slowly—though life in the Russian Refugee colony in Tokio was strange enough. But Miss Yurlova was beginning to understand English, to admire Elinor Glyn and to be altogether rather more ordinary. Somehow this penetrates into her writing, which in the last few pages loses all its freshness of her hospital and Cossack days and becomes utterly perfunctory.

GRAHAM BELL



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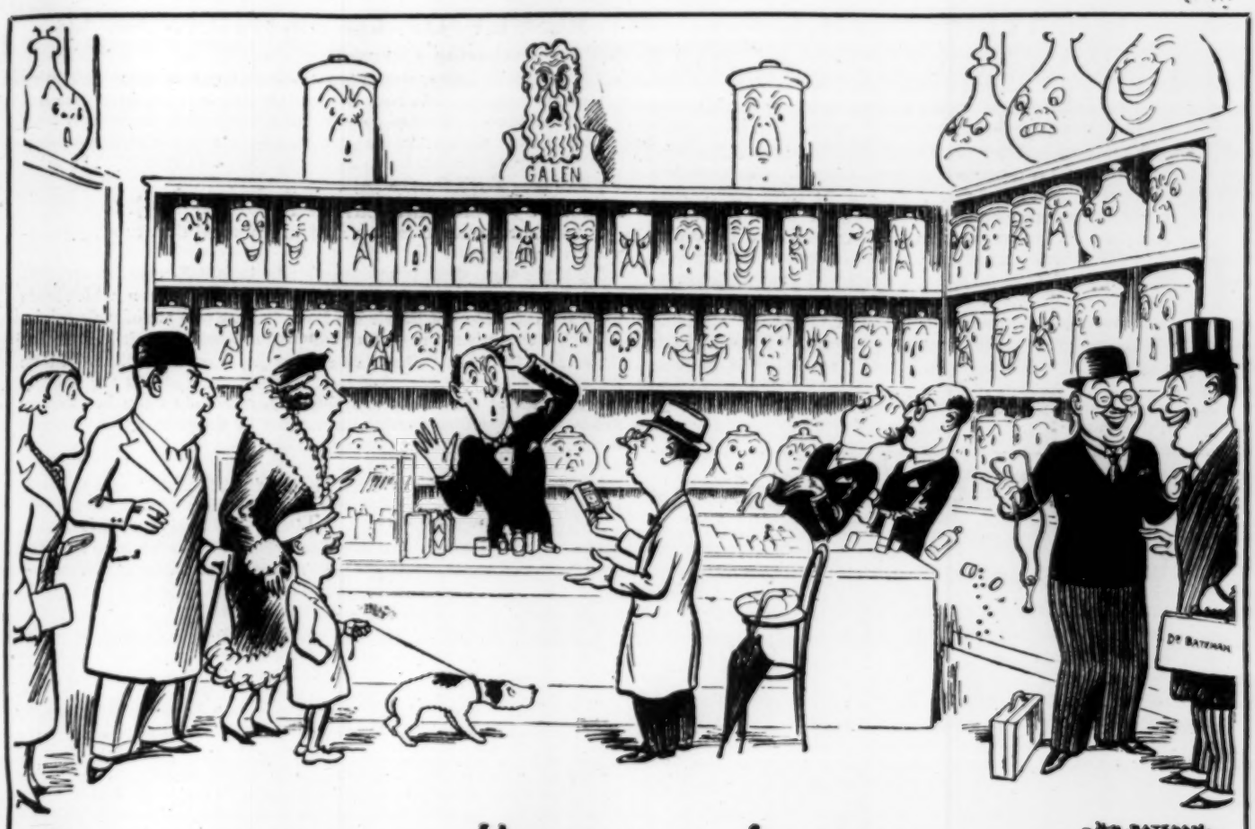

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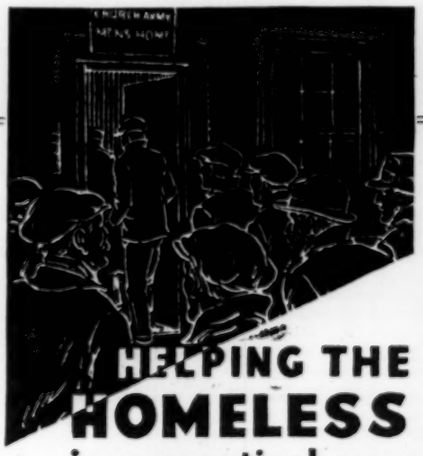

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A. E. Housman. A Sketch Together with a List of His Writings. By A. S. F. Gow. *Cambridge University Press.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Gow was admitted to a Fellowship at Trinity, Cambridge, in October, 1911, at the same time as Housman, and the friendship which they formed makes such a slim volume valuable to all who are interested in Housman. Mr. Gow is concerned with the editor of Manilius rather than the author of *The Shropshire Lad*, and provides entertaining instances of that nice savagery which marked this great scholar's criticism. If in his daily life he was on occasion similarly (and less defensibly) disobliging, Mr. Gow only hints at the fact. But he shows that Housman could, when he chose, make himself very agreeable. The most illuminating fact which this book contains is the similarity in temperament which Housman recognised between himself and T. E. Lawrence—" a craving to be liked—so strong and nervous that never could I open myself friendly to another," " a craving to be famous ; and a horror of being known to like being known." Mr. Gow's book is informative and elegant, though he could have carried candour further. The bibliography will be valuable to scholars.

Week-end Competitions

No. 347

Set by T. W. Earp

Competitors are invited to revive an ancient theme in a new mode. The usual prizes are offered for the two best poems on " Dejection," composed in the surrealist manner. Verse, fixed or free, is limited to 12 lines, and prose-poems to 150 words.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, November 13.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be given next week.

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 345

Set by Catherine Carswell

The B.B.C. lately invited well-known people to write their own obituary notices. THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION invites readers to write the inscriptions they would desire to see upon their own tombstones. If they like they can indicate in addition what form they would like the monument to take—regardless of expense. The usual prizes are offered for the best entries.

Report by Catherine Carswell

It takes more sorts to make a modern graveyard than existing graveyards would suggest.

To begin with, there is an unexpectedly keen difference between the monuments designed for themselves by men and by women, which leads us to suspect that most female headstones of the past are of male origin. With few exceptions the woman competitor would have it known that " She Did Her Best," that " She Gave Joy " or that " She Will Be Missed." Untempted by that facetiousness which afflicts the male in the presence of extinction, she plumes herself only upon her loving-kindness, and, smiling bravely but hoping for the tribute of a tear, asks no more than this recognition with a modest cross to mark the spot. Mrs. Naomi Mitchison would prolong her wish to spread a little sunshine by asking that " just for fun " her memorial should " take the form of a public rabbit warren at Hammersmith Broadway where anyone could go who was fond of playing with rabbits." This universal sweetness is broken only by the lady who hopes to predecease the Vicar so that she may " reserve a plot facing the vestry door " and confront him with—

Then worms shall try
That long preserved virginity.

Incisive wit was shown by only one woman, Miss V. Tordan, to whom I was tempted to give a prize for—

Art for Art's Sake ! was my young earnest cry.
I lived on Art—So here, too soon I lie.

But I could not hold with her " plain, dark, wooden cross. No angels, no cherubs, no nothing." With money no object could she not have commissioned an unemployed artist to execute a profitable piece of statuary ?

Our men are quite different. They warm to the work, and, if often " with hind-leg gesture," compose magnificent confessions of failure or of their deserts, claiming " a tall cylindrical building " illuminated by neon lights, " to displace the Nelson monument," a tall obelisk of granite which would be on the top of a hill so that it could be seen by everyone for miles away " or " a mighty statue carved out of the solid rock of the Nankiu Mountains, where the great highway from China will one day pass . . . underneath it just one word—my name ." One even directs that " the whole of London be cleared " to make room for an erection which shall contain, among many other things, his statue " in characteristic attitude—holding both trouser pockets inside out." More than a few testators categorically denied, in graven letters, that their wives gave joy, even when doing their best. Others commemorate their own political opinions or their manly virtues. One or two indulge in puns. A good sportsman proclaims himself " an also ran," a second says that " of love in any form he had neither shame nor fear," while a third admitted that

He grew respectable as he grew cold.
Nil nisi bonum. He died good and old.

A physician flamboyantly leaves it on record that " he died with a hobnail liver and a hypertrophied prostate." A resident of Magdalene College with bright irony would have his vault " a gas-proof shelter consisting of cellar and bathroom " with half a guinea charged for admittance, the money to be sent " to Messrs. Vickers or other such patriotic firm."

Only one competitor—" Phoenix "—puts in the old claim to be a model citizen, with a twist in the tail. Says he—

" Since my following will no doubt insist upon erecting a memorial, I should like the work to be executed by Eric Gill with the following inscription, preferably in Latin.

RECOGNISED AS A GENIUS
EVEN BY HIMSELF
HE WAS HUMBLE
DISDAINING NOT THE VIRTUE OF INDUSTRY
NOR NEGLECTING HIS DUTIES AS
HUSBAND, FATHER & CITIZEN.
AT THE AGE OF EIGHTY
HIS WORK COMPLETED
HE SOUGHT PEACE.

For his modesty he must be awarded the second prize, and if he will send his name and address Half a Guinea will aid his heroic aims.

The first prize of Two Guineas I feel bound to assign to Mr. Raymond Postgate, if only for his shamelessness.

Extract from my Will.

I direct that a first charge upon my Estate shall be the erection of the following monument to myself: A square block of stone, the largest that the authorities will permit and not less than 25 feet each way, and having cut on it, in very deep letters and very large capitals, my name RAYMOND POSTGATE. These letters are to be illuminated by Neon tube lighting within the grooves of the letters; the whole name shall first appear in scarlet, then be blacked out and each letter be picked out in green one by one. Underneath, not illuminated, the phrase, " a great writer," " a very fine writer " or " the writer," whichever may be

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CANADIAN COMMENT ON BOOKISH PREFERENCES By C. R. SANDERSON

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MAJOR C. VAN DER BYL, Wappenham, TOWCESTER

chosen by the then Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN (who shall receive a fee of Two Guineas for his trouble) as being the most fashionably laudatory, not as the most exact or in the best taste. The Executors are to refrain from having any other information carved on the stone, such as the titles of my books or even the date of my birth or death, as these might provoke scepticism.

Should this be impossible, my body is to be given to a hospital for dissection and then put away without a stone or inscription, as nothing is tolerable in these circumstances except unrestrained praise or complete humility.

Warmly commended are the apologetic triolet for the tomb of Mr. Gerald Summers and the two faithful readers whose accusations are hard to bear. These are from Mr. Allan M. Laing.

EPITAPH ON A REGULAR COMPETITOR

To be inscribed on a plaque let into the wall of No. 10 Great Turnstile.

This cenotaph infers his tomb
Who spent, within, his mental wages,
And met an almost weekly doom
In THE NEW STATESMAN'S back-end pages.

For fifty years, week in, week out,
He strove for competition guineas,
Only to swell the patient rout
Of crude and uncommended ninnies.

For half a century he bore
The crazy whim of cross-eyed judges,
And, silent, suffered all the more
From prejudice that never budges.

To the Great Turnstile in the sky
His entries now are redirected;
And since *Heaven's* just, his weekly try
One day by God must be selected.

And from "Croft"—

"A chaste, crouching figure—sex left to the artist's taste, but certainly not aggressively male or female—with arms raised and wrists bound together by a chain from which is suspended an enlarged marble copy of a Weekly Review, with these words inscribed:

(Name, date of death, etc.)
He spent his days digesting doubtful news,
His weeks imbibing other people's views:
Great Turnstile, grant his passage to a land
Where print-fed inactivity is banned.
Ne Requiescat In Pace.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 201.—DIGITS
By F. Mortimer Wentworth

"Here's a simple gambling game," said Swindell. "Call it Digits. I have here a pack of 10 cards, numbered respectively, 1 to 10. They are shuffled and cut. Then one of us—the dealer—deals two cards to the non-dealer, face upwards. Next, the dealer selects for himself the highest undealt card. The next highest undealt card goes to the non-dealer. Finally, the remaining cards are again well shuffled, and the dealer deals two to himself."

"And so what?" I asked. It sounded rather boring.

"Why," said Swindell, "the numbers on the cards are added up, and the difference between the totals is the amount that one or the other of us pays. For instance, suppose we're playing for pounds. I'm dealer. I deal you 9 and 5. Then I take 10 for myself, and give you 8. Now the pack is shuffled again, and I deal myself 7 and 2. Your total is 22, mine is 19; I pay you the difference of £3."

"I should have thought," I said, "that the game would be fairer if the dealer, after giving himself the highest undealt card, had the pack shuffled and dealt himself two more cards *before* giving the highest remaining card to the non-dealer. See what I mean? You deal me 9 and 5. Then you give yourself 10. Now the pack is shuffled and cut and you deal yourself, say, 7 and 2, and give me my 8. In this case the totals are the same as in yours—but I like the method better."

Is my contention, that this is fairer, correct? And what is the dealer's expectation of profit or loss (a) under Swindell's scheme and (b) under mine?

PROBLEM 199.—HOWGEGO

A record entry, I think, for this simple inferential problem. "Too easy," say a number of competitors. When, about three years ago, I set exactly the same problem—differently caparisoned, of course—it was generally regarded as difficult! This suggests that we are making progress.

The masters and houses are as follows:

HOUSE	MASTER	HOUSE	MASTER
Blenkinsop	Snooks	Jones	Hickory
Hickory	Smith	Smith	Blenkinsop
Dickory	Brown	Snooks	Dickory
Brown	Jones		

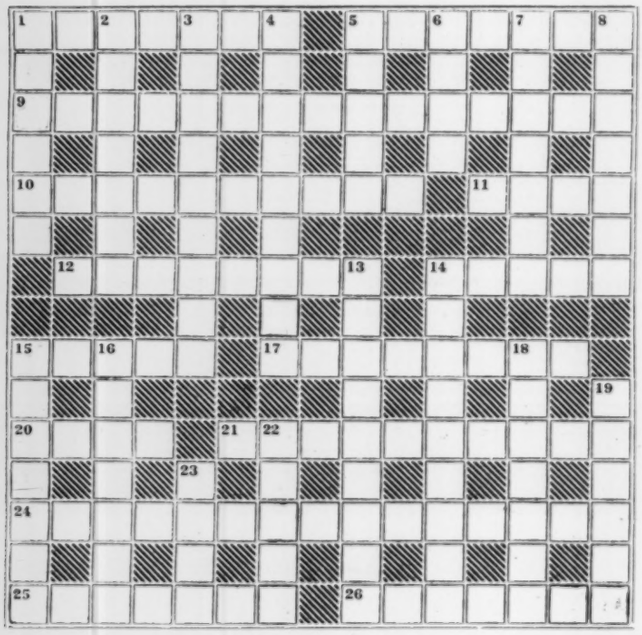
PROBLEM 198.—LAST TRUMP

A set of Low's Cartoons goes to: Neil L. Salmon, Little Campden House, Gloucester Walk, London, W.8. *Eight* points are awarded.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that prizes in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.] CALIBAN.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 348

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Wilfred Charles, 81 Valley Road, Streatham.

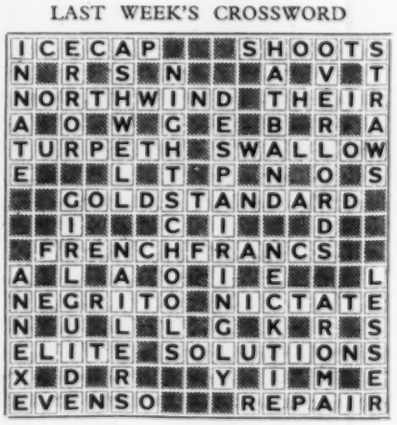
ACROSS

1. Lascars with a turn for roguery.
5. They take turns to be priests.
9. It was not forgotten, thank you.
10. The hocks are good examples of this.
11. He's joined the Sappers.
12. Not the state of the horse when the stable door is.
14. There's just nothing in it to have a tilt about.
15. One gets them in the jaw.
17. More circular movements for game.
20. This provides an interior view.
21. The dish of the season so to speak.
24. Their burning had revolutionary results on 9.
25. Edward VI was all his reign.
26. It's a pen with a knowing way.

DOWN

1. Island for cross people.
2. Waldensian shade.
3. Og's capital.
4. Rainy antithesis to ice.
5. Club for amorous golfers.
6. One cottons on to it when it gets wound up.
7. One way for people to make a scene.
8. He worms himself into positions.
13. Assuredly an appeal for a little more faith.
14. Position of the man who appraises seaworthiness.
15. One doesn't put money into its meter to make it go.
16. Just how to leave no margin of error.
18. What a sentry will do to his predecessor.
19. Let the professional take a seat.
22. Stick a pin into the Adjutant-General.
23. You'll find this fairy dotted in the jeweller's shop.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE GAUMONT-BRITISH ACCOUNTS—AND FUTURE—TIN RESTRICTION AND TIN SHARES—LONDON TRANSPORT "C"

THE sensation of the week in the City was that the shareholders of Gaumont-British, at their annual meeting, refused to pass the accounts as they stood, and carried a resolution, on a show of hands, adjourning the meeting for the presentation of consolidated accounts. The chairman, Mr. Mark Ostrer, had previously declared that a consolidated statement had been prepared in draft form by the auditors, subject to an independent valuation of all the properties, and would be circulated as soon as it was available. The shareholders naturally wanted to see this consolidated statement before they approved the accounts. Mr. Mark Ostrer dwelt at length on the great potentialities of the company, which no one can deny, but made it quite clear that the company was suffering from shortage of cash as a result of their long-range production policy. (Hence the passing of the ordinary share dividend and the appropriation of £200,000 to a special reserve to meet the contingencies of film production and distribution.) They had proved, he said, that it was impossible to recover from the home market alone the full cost of quality films and that the world market was indispensable if they were not only to get their money back but make substantial profits from these films. Their organisation in the United States had so far yielded no profits, but losses. "We are, therefore, faced," he declared, "with the choice of abandoning our efforts in the American market in favour of a programme of cheaper films for the home market only, or abandoning film production altogether. Either of these two alternatives would greatly assist our financial position, but, on the other hand, it would mean giving up a great potential source of income. It would, at the same time, however, make dividends assured." Personally, I regarded the breakdown of the negotiations between the Ostrer Brothers and Twentieth-Century Fox and Metro-Goldwyn as most unfortunate, for co-operation with the best American producers would have brought strength to Gaumont-British where it was most needed—in the studios.

* * *

These negotiations were abandoned, according to Mr. Mark Ostrer, because "the question of the possibility of foreign control was not completely covered by the suggested arrangement." I should have thought that if the British market is as indispensable to the American producers of quality films as the American market is to Gaumont-British, the question of control would have been waived by Twentieth-Century Fox and Metro-Goldwyn in favour of the tangible advantages of an assured film outlet on the Gaumont-British circuit. On the question of control by the Associated British Picture Corporation, Mr. Mark Ostrer was alas! reticent. He merely declared that the Ostrer Brothers had sold to the Associated British Picture (whose name he did not give correctly) their *non-voting* shares in the Metropolis and Bradford Trust, which controls Gaumont-British, and that Mr. John Maxwell had joined the Gaumont-British board. So the mystery of the Gaumont-British control remains a mystery. I must apologise to Mr. John Maxwell for crediting him with the excellent decision to omit the Gaumont-British dividend, which had been passed apparently before he joined the board, but knowing his zeal for sound finance and economy, I cannot believe that he did not forcibly express an uninvited opinion on the subject of dividends when negotiations started. There is now represented on the Gaumont-British board the Ostrer group which still has a majority control, the Fox group which is denied control and Mr. Maxwell's group which is intending to buy control. The liveliness of shareholders' meetings, I imagine, is nothing to be compared with that of directors' meetings. As the future of the British film industry is a matter of great public, and City, importance I will keep my readers informed of the progress of these Gaumont-British events. I need hardly add that the fulminations of interested directors have no influence upon a conscientious City Editor.

* * *

It is hardly credible that the fate of the tin restriction scheme should rest on a difference in opinion between the International Tin Committee and the Siamese representatives on a future contingency—namely, the maximum restriction to be enforced in the next slump. Siam is willing to accept a standard assessment of 18,000 tons—the present production quota, which holds good to the end of the year, being 90 per cent.—provided her guaranteed minimum output is 12,000 tons against the Committee's offer of 10,500 tons. As this is hardly a serious issue the market believes that the real stumbling block in the way of renewing the restriction scheme is the attitude of the Dutch representatives. It is said that the Banka and Billiton concerns have made heavy forward sales on the London market which might be jeopardised if the present quota were cut. Moreover, the Dutch view of restriction has been changed by the devaluation of the guilder. The next vital meeting of the International Tin Committee is on bonfire night. What would happen if the restriction scheme broke down? In the opinion of Messrs. Strauss and Company, there would be no sharp, immediate rise in production. Bolivia and Nigeria would not be able to increase their output and in view of the difficulties in starting up new dredges and recruiting the necessary labour, Malaya, the Dutch East Indies, Siam and the Belgian Congo would probably not increase their production beyond 2,500 tons per month in the first six months of freedom. As world consumption is steadily increasing, Messrs. Strauss believe that the increase in the world's visible supply at the end of six months after restriction would be no greater than 5,000 tons. The present world "visible" supply is approximately 17,000 tons, equivalent to only five weeks' consumption, so that the breakdown of the restriction scheme could hardly lead to any dangerous increase in stocks. More than a year ago it was the policy of the International Tin Committee to raise the world's stocks to between 23,000 and 25,000 tons. The price of tin would fall, of course, in anticipation of a large increase in production 12 months ahead, but that, I believe, would quickly bring the recalcitrant producers back into the restriction fold. In July last I recommended a purchase of British Tin Investment 10*s.* shares at 12*s.* 3*d.*, and my Statistical Assistant put forward Southern Kinta 5*s.* shares at 12*s.* 9*d.* I would still buy rather than sell. London Nigerian, the cheapest producer in Nigeria, might also be considered as a purchase:

	Present Price.	Estimated Dividend.	Yield on Est. Dividend.
British Tin Investment 10/-	15/6	10%	6.45%
Southern Kinta 5/-	14/3	20%	7.00%
London Nigerian 5/-	8/3	15%	9.09%

* * *

My Statistical Assistant writes:—Perhaps London Transport "C" Stock at 97½ is getting near the price at which we could advise investors to get in? (Toreador: No, wait for a lower). The depressing annual report of the Board and Tilling's offer to give its shareholders a proportion of its holding of "C" stock at 92 have caused the recent fall. (The market valued the stock at 112 on extravagant dividend hopes earlier in the year). After all, the Board is a public utility doing an excellent job, and the holders of the "C" stock are surely entitled to a reasonable rate on their money of not less than the present 4 per cent. Such, it seems, is the view of the Board which reduced its allocation to renewals reserve from £2,526,000 to a round £2,300,000 to enable payment of 4 per cent. on the "C" stock. Nevertheless, reorganisation and the change-over from tramways to trolley buses may necessitate this fund being drawn upon, and it cannot reasonably be expected that the Board will reduce its provision for renewals just to pay higher dividends. Unfavourable features are the rising costs (? dearer petrol) and labour (which will cost an additional £150,000 in 1936-7). The Board may, however, save something on rates on the basis of the main line railway rating decisions. Part of the Board's report savours rather of campaigning, for a great point is made of the rates, petrol duty and the taxes other than income tax, which amounted in 1935-6 to £2,666,000 or 8½ per cent. of the total gross revenue. These taxes represent over 10 per cent. on the "C" stock, while the renewals provision represents a further 9 per cent. There is probably a case for Governmental assistance in the form of a remission of some part of the rates and fuel duties, and perhaps a case for amending the London Transport Act. These, however, are all in the future. In the meantime stockholders may feel assured of their 4 per cent., and should the price fall to 95, purchase might be considered.

* * *

A correspondent, in a charmingly complimentary letter, asks me to devote a page some time to Wall Street. Next week I hope to meet his request. In the meantime, in view of the rise in base metal prices, he might be looking at American Smelting and Refining common shares at 96½, estimated to show earnings of $6 per share for 1936. An extra dividend is to be paid this month.

Company Meeting

GAUMONT-BRITISH PICTURE CORPORATION

IMPORTANCE OF AMERICAN MARKET

THE ninth annual general meeting of the Gaumont-British Picture Corporation, Limited, was held on Monday at Film House, London, W.

Mr. Mark Ostrer (chairman and managing director) said that notwithstanding the fact that the net profit fell short of the record figure reached a year ago by less than £5,000, and that they were building up substantial reserves in certain subsidiary and associated companies, the directors for the first time in the Corporation's history had decided not to recommend the payment of a dividend upon the ordinary shares.

They were the only British company with an organisation in the United States for the marketing of films in that country. Up to date they had contracted business in America amounting to between four and five million dollars, which would give some indication of the progress they had made and of the great potentialities in the U.S.A. He was satisfied they had now proved it impossible to recover from the Home market alone the full cost of quality films, nor could the great American producing companies recover their costs without a world market. They were therefore faced with the choice of abandoning their efforts in the American market in favour of a programme of cheaper films for the Home market only, or abandoning film production altogether.

As to their cinema and theatre groups, they were maintaining their predominant position in the industry with satisfactory profits for the past year, and the indications were that the current year would be considerably better. The trading results of their circuits for that part of their current year already completed showed a substantial increase over the profits earned for the corresponding period of last year, amounting in the aggregate to approximately £150,000.

An amendment to appoint a shareholders' committee was lost on a show of hands, but a further amendment adjourning the meeting for the presentation of consolidated accounts, which the chairman had previously stated would be circulated to the shareholders as soon as they were available, was carried, and the meeting was thereupon adjourned.

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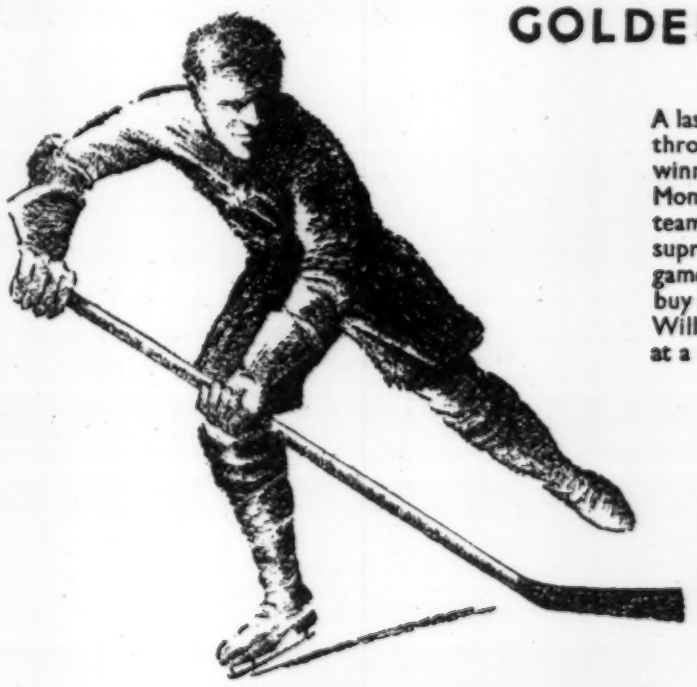

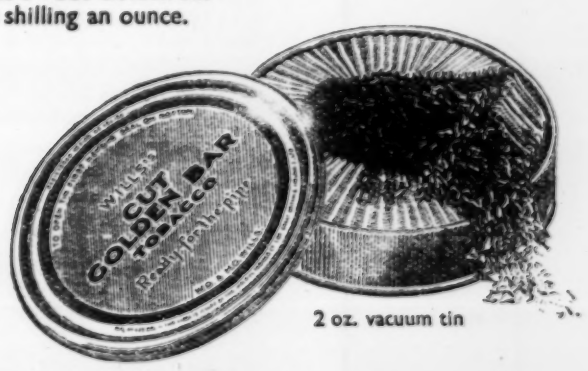

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NOVEMBER 14th & 16th, 8 p.m.
"MAGIC," by G. K. Chesterton, and
"THE SIX OF CALAIS" by Bernard Shaw.
TICKETS 3/6, 2/6, reserved 1/3.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
Last Week—VIENNA CHOIRBOYS in
"SINGENDE JUGEND" (U).
No evg. perf. Monday, November 9th.
Com. Tues. Nov. 10th, "*FREDLOS*" (Outcast) (A).

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn. Ham. 2285)
MONDAY, 9th NOVEMBER, for 7 DAYS.
MARCEL PAGNOL in
MERLUSSE (U).
(The Codfish).

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THIS paper may be read in "The Book" RESTAURANT and WINE DIVE facing the British Museum, also subscriptions received.

POPPY DAY Nov. 11

REPERTORY THEATRES

CROYDON Repertory.
Evgs., 8. Sats., 5 & 8.15.
Storm in a Teacup. By James Bridie.

HARROGATE Grand Opera House.
THE WHITE ROSE PLAYERS.
Children to Bless You.
By G. Sheila Donnisthorpe.

HULL Little.
Evgs., 8. Mat., Sat., 5.
Sometimes Even Now.
By W. Chetham-Strode.

LIVERPOOL Playhouse.
Evgs., 7.45. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
As You Like It. By Shakespeare.

MANCHESTER Repertory.
Evgs., 7.30.
The Lady with a Lamp.
By Reginald Berkley.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, J. Baxter Somerville, Messrs. Baxter & Co., 12 Victoria St., London, S.W.1. WHI. 6407.*

ART GALLERY

NICHOLAS CAVANAGH'S Ship Drawings. Little Burlington Gallery, 3–5 Burlington Gardens, W.1. Closing November 14. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.

PERSONAL

TWO women and a man, expd. famous progressive and other schools, critical, wd. leave posts and wk. for new sane school w. scope. Or wd. meet partner or others interested. H. W., 55, Burrard Road, N.W.6.

WOMAN-PRIVATE-SECRETARY (aged 32) in present job for 10 years, wishes to make a change. Must be in London. Box 458, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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RIDING, Central London, 6 lessons 30s. Write 52 Park Crescent Mews West, Regent's Park, W.1.

W.1. Bridge Circle, 1d. stakes. Thurs., Sats., beginners Tues. MISS MORGAN. Wel. 5049.

NUDISTS. For information about the Movement write to NATIONAL SUN & AIR ASSOCIATION, 6 Foster Lane, E.C.2. Please enclose stamped envelope.

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MISCELLANEOUS

APPLES. Bramley Seedling, 45 lbs. 6s. Cox's Orange Pippin, 45 lbs. 18s., 22 lbs. 9s. 6d.; 22 lbs. each Bramley and Cox's, 11s. 6d. Selected large Cox's, 30 lbs. 20s. Carriage paid England and Wales FRANK ROSCOE, Steeple Morden, Royston, Herts.

A SUPERB WHORTLEBERRY JAM (home-made) or Whortleberry Jelly, for an unusual CHRISTMAS GIFT? Trial Box, two 1-lb. pots, 3s., carriage paid; eight 1 lbs., 10s. HILDA KIMBERLEY, Gunnislake, Cornwall.

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THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING, 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS. £1 1s. 0d. Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3s. 'PHONE REGENT 4438-9.

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THE charge for classified advertisements is One Shilling and Sixpence per line per insertion (a line averages seven words). One line should be added for Box Number. Substantial reduction for a series of insertions. Copy first post Wednesday. The Advert. Manager, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. (Hol. 3216.)

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

A Course of Three Lectures on OLD ENGLISH INSCRIPTIONS IN THE RUNIC CHARACTER will be given by BRUCE DICKINS (Professor of English Language in the University of Leeds) at UNIVERSITY COLLEGE (Gower Street, W.C.1) on FRIDAYS, NOVEMBER 20th and 27th and DECEMBER 4th, at 5.30 p.m. At the First Lecture the Chair will be taken by The Provost of University College (Dr. Allen Mawer).
ADMISSION FREE, WITHOUT TICKET.
S. J. WORSLEY,
Academic Registrar.

COURTAULD INSTITUTE OF ART.
(University of London).

FORTHCOMING PUBLIC LECTURES.
"MEDIEVAL PAINTING IN ENGLAND," by Prof. W. G. CONSTABLE, four lectures, Nov. 16, 20, 23, 27, at 5.30 p.m.
"ENGLISH MONUMENTAL EFFIGIES AND TOMB DESIGN," by Mr. J. G. MANN, two lectures, Nov. 17 and 24, at 5.30 p.m.
"HUMANISM AND PAINTING IN FIFTEENTH CENTURY ITALY (Masaccio, Piero della Francesca, Botticelli, Mantegna)," by Prof. W. G. CONSTABLE, four lectures, Dec. 10, 15, 16, 17, at 5.30 p.m.
"TECHNIQUE IN MEDIEVAL ART," by Mr. D. V. THOMPSON, three lectures, Nov. 30, Dec. 1, 4, at 5.30 p.m.
Fees for single lectures are 4s. each and short courses are charged for at the same rate. Admission by ticket only. Tickets and complete list of lectures may be obtained from the REGISTRAR, Courtauld Institute of Art, 20 Portman Square, W.1.

BEDFORD COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
(University of London)
REGENT'S PARK, N.W.1.

PUBLIC LECTURE AT 5.15 p.m.

November 25th.—The Stevenson Lecture on "SOCIAL POLICY AND THE DEPRESSED AREAS." By PROFESSOR JOHN JEWKES, M.Com.
Admission free by ticket on application to the SECRETARY, stating date and sending stamped addressed envelope.

GUILDHOUSE, Eccleston Square, S.W.1. Sunday, November 8th. At 3.30. PROF. JOSÉ CASTILLEJO: "THE SPANISH SITUATION." At 6.30, THE REV. McEWAN LAWSON.

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, Holborn.—Sunday, November 8th, at 11 a.m. PROF. H. LEVY, D.Sc.: "THE CRIME OF BEING A JEW." 6.30 p.m. Concert Chamber Music. Admission Free. Visitors welcome.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, November 8th, at 11, LORD SNELL: "RACIAL TENSIONS IN THE WORLD TO-DAY." 6.30, H. J. BLACKHAM: "SOCIAL RECORD OF THE REGIMES IN ITALY AND IN GERMANY."

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS OR "1914"
LORD LYTTON and PROF. GILBERT MURRAY will speak at the KENSINGTON TOWN HALL on Monday, November 9th, at 8 p.m.
Admission free.
A few reserved seats at 2s. 6d. and 1s. from Mrs. Argenti, 8 Princes Gardens, S.W.7.

THE SEX EDUCATION SOCIETY has arranged for DR. PRYNS HOPKINS to lecture on "CAUSES OF OPPOSITION TO SEXUAL FREEDOM" at The Suffolk Galleries, Suffolk St., Haymarket, W.1, on TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 10th, at 8 p.m. Chairman: Dr. Norman Haire.
Members Free. Non-members 2s.

WORLD FELLOWSHIP OF FAITHS.
Divali Celebration (Indian Festival of Light). Caxton Hall, Saturday, November 14th, at 2.45 p.m.
Speakers: SIR ABDUL QADIR; MR. F. J. GOULD; DR. A. A. BAKE, D.Litt.; DR. HAR DAYAL.
Indian Songs and Dances by Indian ladies. Colour Film: "Fellowship Party in Mrs. Gasque's Garden." Tableaux vivants: "Scenes from Shakuntala," "Holy Mother India."
Chairman: Mrs. Clarence Gasque.
Admission by silver offering. Tea at 4.30 (1s.)

F.P.S.I. Public Lecture by PROF. H. LEVY on "WHAT IS SCIENTIFIC PLANNING?" Chairman, J. C. Flugel, at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, on Wednesday, November 11th, at 8 p.m. Tickets: Members, 6d., non-members, 1s.; from SECRETARY, Federation of Progressive Societies, 475 Oxford Street, W.1. (MAY 3110) or at door.

DEFENCE AND THE RESPONSIBILITY OF THE SCIENTIST.
Meeting and discussion organised by Association of Scientific Workers. Chairman: Prof. J. B. S. Haldane. Speakers: PROF. S. CHAPMAN, AIR-COMMODORE L. E. O. CHARLTON, and others. 8 p.m. Thursday, Nov. 19th, at Mathematics Theatre, Huxley Bldg., Royal College of Science, Exhibition Road, S. Kensington.

C. BRADLAUGH BONNER will speak on "CHRISTIANITY IN THE CLASSROOM," at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, on Tuesday, November 10th, at 7 p.m.
Admission Free.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

DIRECTIONS IN CONTEMPORARY POETRY, the first of a series of four talks with discussion by DAVID GASCOYNE: England, America, France, the Future; on Monday, November 9th. 8 p.m., at Bogey's Bar, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

GROUP of London Doctors invite representatives of Women from Hunger March to address meeting under medical auspices, 8 p.m. Tuesday, November 10th, Essex Hall, Strand. LADY MARLEY in the chair. Admission free to public.

SPAIN. Meeting at Friends' House, Euston Road, N.W.1, on Friday, Nov. 6th, at 8 p.m. In the Chair: Richard Jefferies. Speakers: DR. BROOK, HARRY POLLITT, ISABEL BROWN, W. HORSFALL CARTER, ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P. Organised by Holborn and W.C. Committee for Spanish Medical Aid.

19TH Anniversary Celebrations of the Foundation of the Soviet Republics. Saturday, November 7th Shoreditch Town Hall. Afternoon: 2.30.—Sale of Soviet Handicrafts, Linens and Toys. Exhibition of Soviet Photographs and Posters. Admission 3d. Evening: 7.30.—Items include: Robert Tredinnick, radio star, Kahn Trio, London Labour Choir, Bill, accordianist, J. Rosse, tenor. Speakers include: Dr. G. M. Vevers, P. Sloan, R. Bishop. Admission 6d. Tickets and further details: F.S.U. LONDON DISTRICT COMMITTEE, Friendship House, Little James Street, W.C.1.

SCHOLARSHIPS

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The Board of Management may award in March, 1937, four Scholarships of £45 to £80 per annum for three to five years for admission in October, 1937. Candidates must be under the age of 19 on 1st October, 1937, and must show evidence of exceptional artistic ability. One Scholarship of £120 per annum for three years may also be awarded to a student who has already reached an advanced stage of training and is under the age of 22 on 1st October, 1937. The College incorporates Schools of Architecture and Town Planning, Design, Painting, and Sculpture, and is well endowed with Travelling Scholarships and Fellowships.
Application Forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, College of Art, Lauriston Place, Edinburgh, 3. The last day for receiving application is 31st January, 1937.

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